

FRENCH CAPTURE TWO LINES OF TRENCHES BEFORE SOISSONS

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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as a Newspaper.

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16 PAGES

One Halfpenny.

THE AMBASSADORS' BABIES, AFTER HAVING A RACE FOR LIFE,  
BECOME ENGAGED: LONDON'S LATEST STAGE ROMANCE.



M. Morton with his little son Leon.

At the Ambassadors Theatre, where an Allied company of British, Belgian, French and Japanese players are playing the successful revue, "Odds and Ends," M. Morton announced he was about to become a happy father. So was Mr. Arthur Playfair.



Mr. Arthur Playfair with his little daughter Joan.

Wagers were made as to who would be father first. M. Morton won by just an hour in Christmas week amidst great excitement. M. Morton has proposed for Mr. Playfair's little daughter on behalf of his son. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

IN HONOUR OF YOUNG GARIBALDI



When the news reached Rome that a grandson of Garibaldi had died fighting in France an enormous demonstration was held around the monument to his famous grandfather.

CAPTURED GUNS WHICH CAPTURED RECRUITS.



Leicester believes in appealing to the imagination. When a military pageant was held in the town to stimulate recruiting these two machine guns, captured by the Leicestershire Regiment during a night attack near Richebourg L'Avone, were a prominent feature in the procession.



# THE GREATEST NEW YEAR GIFT

## A Luxurious Free-Growing Head of Hair.

### ONE MILLION "YOUTH AND GOOD LOOKS" FREE GIFT-PARCELS NOW READY FOR POSTING

Will YOU accept one of these splendid "1915" "Harlene" Hair Drill Gifts for Hair Beauty and Abundance Free of all Cost?

A THOUSAND times a thousand New Year packages free of all charge—one of which is waiting for your address to double your "youth-and-good-looks" attraction by making your hair beautiful, free-growing and abundant.

Do you realise that the worry and uneasiness of the war, changed conditions, and the constant anxiety for good news *must* have affected your hair-growth?

Every little nervous excitement affects your hair-growth—and, although, you may not know it, you suffer perhaps a score or more of such nervous disturbances in a single day.

But why look old? Why spoil your appearance and lose your

attractiveness because of these worries and the thousand and one other causes that make your hair weak, thin, straggling, lacking in colour or impoverished? that cause your hairs to fall out in dozens, to split at the ends, or to defy the most careful brushing and combing?

The magnificent War-time "1915" gift direct to your home from the laboratories of the foremost living authority on hair-growth and hair beautifying—Mr. Edwards, inventor of "Harlene" Hair Drill—awaits your acceptance. The special coupon on this page awaits a few strokes of your pen. The Post Office will do the rest, and almost at once you may commence, free of all cost, the delightful few-minutes-each-morning Hair Drill that will effect so great an improvement in your good looks.

#### "HARLENE" HAIR DRILL CONQUERS

##### HAIR TROUBLES.

And once you have this splendid free gift in your hands you need never look back. Every day you can make your hair better, brighter, healthier, and more radiant with Beauty's lustre.

More wonderful than anything else is the fact that "Harlene" Hair Drill demands no long or difficult "treatment" whatever. All that is necessary is to spend two minutes in the pleasurable and interesting "drilling" of your hair during the ordinary morning's toilet, and the result is a magnifi-

**DULL, LIFELESS HAIR.** The pores of your scalp are clogged, the hair roots anemic and atrophied, and your whole appearance spoiled by this serious trouble. Just the remedy you desire—the one scientific preparation that will restore your head of hair to fresh vigour, luxuriant growth, and lustrous beauty—is provided for a free-of-cost test to all who use the Coupon below.

cent, resplendent hair-growth in the shortest possible time! The full directions which Mr. Edwards sends with each of his splendid "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfits are simplicity itself. There is nothing whatever of a complicated nature, and a child could follow this remarkable scientific method of hair growing as easily as an adult. You simply use as directed, and your "Harlene" supply will do the rest. Your hair grows in health, beauty and lustrous life.

#### SEND FOR YOUR FREE GIFT PARCEL

##### TO-DAY.

There is scarcely a single hair trouble that the wonderful action of "Harlene" Hair Drill does not speedily remedy, and thousands of men and women in every walk of life have conquered their hair troubles for ever by following just the same easy and delightful method that you are to-day invited to accept free of cost and at Mr. Edwards' expense.

##### Total or partial Baldness.

Thin, straggling or weak Hair.

Falling or splitting Hairs.

Over greasiness of the Scalp.

Over dryness of the Scalp.

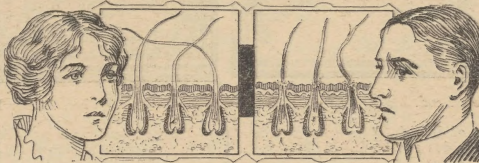
Scurf or dandruff.

Loss of colour and lustre.

Ugly, wiry hair.

Hair thinning at the temples.

Whichever of these troubles your hair is suffering, you need not hesitate a single instant in



SEND FOR YOUR FREE GIFT PARCEL TO-DAY. There is scarcely a single hair trouble that the wonderful action of "Harlene" Hair Drill does not speedily remedy, and thousands of men and women in every walk of life have conquered their hair troubles for ever by following just the same easy and delightful method that you are to-day invited to accept free of cost and at Mr. Edwards' expense.

the splendid Hair-growing gift offered free to readers this New Year. Perhaps your hair, however, is simply weak-looking or inclined to thinness, without there being any special trouble you

stamps to cover carriage to Mr. Edwards, and you will at once receive the following splendid triple gift:—

(1) A free trial bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair—the wonderful hair-tonic stimulant and dressing that literally compels a magnificent growth of hair.

The effect of "Harlene" on the hair seems to give the face a refined beauty and distinction that would be altogether impossible with weak or artificially made-up hair. Men, too, are thus enabled to double their appearance of healthy, and manly attraction.

(2) A free book, explaining exactly how to carry out the "Harlene" Hair Drill that has made Edwards' Harlene so famous the world over.

(3) A free packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder—the finest hair cleanser in the world.

Of course, once you have seen for yourself the splendid hair-growing properties of the "Harlene" system, you may at any time obtain further supplies from your chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle. "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. per box of 7 packets (single packets 2d.), or direct on remittance from Edwards' "Harlene" Co. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.



#### POST THE FORM BELOW

##### TO-DAY.

Simply write your name and address on the coupon below and post it with 3d.

#### POST THIS "NEW YEAR'S GIFT" COUPON TO-DAY.

TO EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,  
20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please forward me your free gift "Harlene" Outfit as described below:—

1. A free trial bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair.
2. A trial packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder.
3. A copy of the "Harlene" Hair Drill Book.

I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world (foreign stamps accepted).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

D.Mr. 12/1/15.



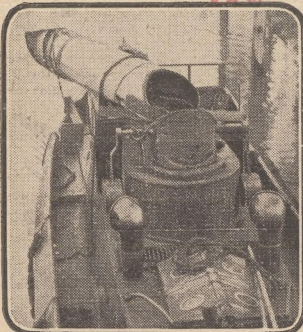


## BRITISH SOLDIERS' ADVENTURES.



Private Beech, who was wounded and taken prisoner, but afterwards rescued by the French. In the circle is Lieutenant Kendrick, who was promoted from machine-gun sergeant on the battlefield. He saved a number of ammunition wagons from the Germans and helped to remove wounded.

## RUNAWAY TUG.



Tug with its funnel snapped off. Several of these craft broke from their moorings on the Thames and careered down the river.

## MR. HAMMERSTEIN.



Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, the famous American impresario, who does not deny the report of his secret marriage to Mrs. Mary Swift.

## THE DEADLY FRENCH MACHINE GUN.



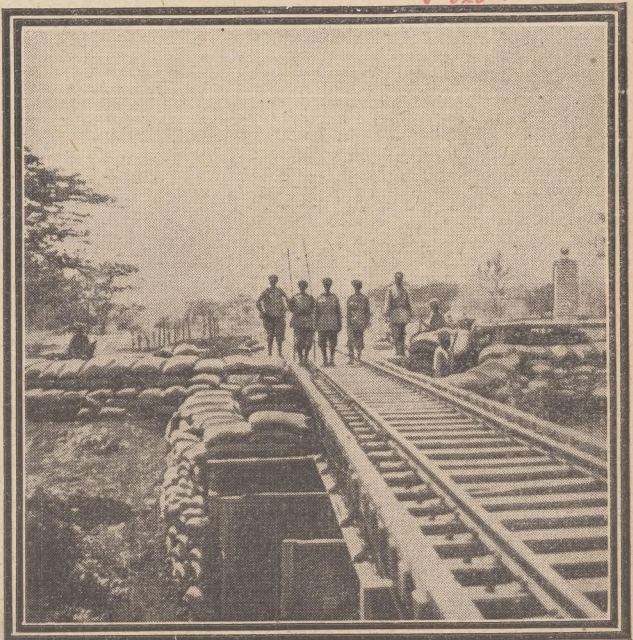
French machine gun section entrenched ready for action. These weapons have been used with deadly effect against the Germans.

## HUNS' TAKE A PALTRY VENGEANCE.



The Church of St. Hilaire, France, destroyed by the Germans. It is the same old story. Desperately angry at being driven back, they made a target of the sacred building, and left it a mass of ruins. But this kind of thing only makes the French set their teeth more firmly.

## GUARDING A RAILWAY IN AFRICA.



Guarding a railway bridge in British East Africa. Note the sandbag defence, which would be used by the men in the event of any attack being made on the line.



## HUSBAND BUDGETS FOR HIS FAMILY.

Essex Man's Method of Living on  
£1 15s. a Week.

### THE DINNER PROBLEM.

The battle of housewives over the Family War Budget continues with great vigour.

Many interested housewives have written to *The Daily Mirror* criticising the £1 15s. per week scheme of living drawn up for a family of five (three children) by Mr. C. Herman Senn, the culinary expert, and now a male house-keeper, Mr. G. W. Ward, of Essex, supplies an alternative budget.

Owing to his wife's inability to look after the household affairs Mr. Ward has had to do all the housekeeping himself. His budget is framed for a family of five, which, however, only includes one child.

#### WEEK'S EXPENDITURE.

Mr. Ward gives this budget for the week:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Rent	10	0	Clothing and boots	2	0
Butcher	6	5	Light and coal	3	6
Fishmonger	1	10	Oilman	0	9
Greengrocer	2	3	Tea, Margarine	0	9
Baker	3	0	Milkman	2	2
Grocer	4	3			

£1 14 11

These are the meals which Mr. Ward has provided for his family throughout the week:—

**MONDAY**—Breakfast: Toast and pork dripping, tea. Lunch: Fish cakes, banana fritters. Tea: Jam, bread and butter, jam. Supper: Bread and butter, salmon and shrimp paste, cocoa.

**TUESDAY**—Breakfast: Cocoa, bread and butter, jam. Lunch: Mince meat, potatoes, baked apples. Tea: Tea, bread and butter, kippers. Supper: Mince left from lunch.

**WEDNESDAY**—Breakfast: Bread and butter or dripping, tea. Lunch: Irish stew, stewed prunes. Tea: Tea, bread and butter, stewed prunes from lunch. Supper: Toast and dripping, bread, cheese, cocoa.

**THURSDAY**—Breakfast: Toast, dripping, tea. Lunch: Sausages, mashed potatoes, rice and coconut pudding. Tea: Bread and butter, tea, cake from baker. Supper: Toast, cocoa.

**FRIDAY**—Breakfast: Tea, bread, butter, jam. Lunch: Fried dais, stewed pears. Tea: Tea, bread and butter or dripping toasts. Supper: Bread and butter, shrimp paste, cocoa.

**SATURDAY**—Breakfast: Tea, bread and butter, toast or jam. Lunch: Breaded mutton chops, baked potatoes. Tea: Tea, bread and butter. Supper: Fish, potatoes, cocoa.

**SUNDAY**—Breakfast: Tea, toast, bread and butter, jam. Lunch: Boiled rabbit and pork, boiled butter beans, cabbage, apple pie or stewed apples and rice, oranges. Tea: Tea, bread and butter, celery, oranges, fritters. Supper: Bread and butter, celery, rabbit from dinner.

#### BUTCHER'S BILL 6s. 5d.

The expenditure is made up as follows:—

BUTCHER.	s.	d.	GREENGROCER.	s.	d.
1lb. pork dripping	0	10	10lb. potatoes	0	4
1lb. beef dripping	0	7	2lb. apples	0	4
1lb. beef sausage	0	1	1 cabbage	0	2
1lb. beef skirt	0	6	12 oranges	0	2
1 minced	0	6	1lb. celery	0	3
1lb. breast mutton	0	4	1lb. pears	0	2
1lb. leg beef	0	9	4 bananas	0	7
1lb. mutton	0	5	10t herbs	0	3
1lb. salt pork	0	5			
1 rabbit	1	6			

2 3

#### GROCEER.

FISHMONGER.	s.	d.		s.	d.
1lb. dais	0	7	1jam	0	9
1lb. rock salmon	0	4	1tin coconut	0	2
3 pair kippers	0	4	1lb. and 2d. packet	0	7
Fried fish, chips	0	6	1tea	0	7
			2lb. green	0	3
			1qt. flour	0	3
			1fruit for cake	0	5
			1lb. coconut	0	1
			1qt. butter beans	0	4
			1lb. butter cheese	0	4
			1lb. shrimp paste	0	4
			1lb. rice	0	2
			1lb. prunes	0	4

4 3

#### OILMAN.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Soap	0	5			
Starch	0	1			
Matchbox	0	1			
Blacklead	0	1			
Blue	0	1			
Lay	0	1			
Soda	0	0			

0 10

It will be noticed that in comparison with Mr. Senn's budget Mr. Ward spends 6s. 5d. with the butcher, as against Mr. Senn's 5s. 8d., but that he spends 2s. 5d. less with the grocer.

### NO FALL IN BEEF PRICES.

The Board of Trade stated last night that the ad isory committee of the National Federation of Meat Traders' Associations announce that the retail prices of home-killed beef need not be more than 1d. per pound higher than a year ago.

Home-killed mutton has advanced less. Pork is somewhat dearer than a year ago, and the price of veal has advanced as much as that of beef.

On account of the restricted supplies of imported chilled and frozen beef the committee consider that an advance, compared with the prices ruling in the middle of July, of 1d. to 2d. per pound for prime joints and 2d. to 3d. per pound for coarser parts, may still be charged.

### HUNS' VIEW OF THE KAISER.

"Some of the boys took out a *Daily Mirror* with the 'Willies' in it and told the German soldiers a few things about the war," writes a British soldier from the front, describing a recent meeting between the combatants.

"They were all 'fed up' with the war. I think they were some of the last reserves."

"I heard some nasty remarks about the Kaiser from some of them, and they were all sorry when their officer gave them an order to get back to their trenches as it was getting dark."

## CUPID AND THE BABES.

Little Newcomers Who Have Been  
Affianced by Their Happy Fathers.

### ROMANCE OF THE STAGE.

The latest stage romance has taken place at the Ambassadors' Theatre. This is the "official" engagement of Master Leon Morton to Miss Joan Playfair.

As a matter of fact, neither of these charming little people has really appeared on the stage yet, but they are both stage folk.

It all happened in this way. At the Ambassadors' Theatre, where a brilliant company of allied players—French, Belgian, British and Japanese—are playing that most successful revue, "Odds and Ends," M. Morton, the famous French comedian, whispered one evening to Mr. Arthur Playfair, the famous British comedian, that he expected soon to become a happy father.

"Good gracious, my word!" said Mr. Playfair, blinking his eyelids in the manner which we all know so well, "so am I."

Monsieur Morton was at first inclined to take the view that it was not right that the two leading actors at one theatre should become happy fathers at one and the same time.

He went round to the rest of the company, and complained of what he called "Playfair's snare." Then finally he wavered a good round sum that his baby would be the first to see the light of this wonderful world.

"Done!" said Mr. Playfair, blinking his eyelids more furiously than ever.

From this moment the whole of the allied company of players at the Ambassadors' Theatre split into two camps, the pro-Mortonsites and the pro-Playfairites.

At last, just three days before Christmas Day, a motor-car dashed to the Ambassadors' stage door with the news that a beautiful little boy, Morton had been born into the world.

And just an hour later a breathless telephone messenger announced the arrival of a lovely little Miss Playfair.

Immediately Mr. Morton approached Mr. Playfair, with true French gallantry officially proposed for the hand of little Miss Playfair on behalf of his son.

### "FELT IN THE WAY."

Daughter's Pathetic Farewell Letter to  
Mother Read at Inquest.

Please forgive me. I feel to be in the way.

This was the pathetic sentence in a letter written to her mother by Dorothy Mary Butler, twenty-three, a typist, of Brixton, who committed suicide on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, near Wandsworth Station, on Friday.

The girl lived at home with her mother and sister, and had been very depressed since her father's death last February.

In a letter she left in her room she wrote:—

"Darling Mum, I am so sorry to cause you all this worry and trouble. Everybody has been so kind, and Micky (her sister) is a brick. I am disappointed with myself. I shall not be able to catch up. We were all so jolly together that I cannot seem to think of anything."

If I had only started younger, I should have been all right at business. I know that Micky will get married, and then you will all be happy together, though I am sorry I shall have to leave you. Please forgive me, but I have got so low down that I cannot get up again."

"Don't fret, Mum, darling, you will just be able to live in comfort. Good-bye, my darling. I cannot make up my mind to do anything. You have been a good one to me. I do not think I have any control over money, and so I shall never be any good. Good-bye, my darling, until we meet again."

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For all districts—Changeable; some showers; fair to fine periods; temperature, moderate to cold; morning, frost in places.

## V.C. FOR A BANDSMAN.

Hero Who Dared Heavy Shell Fire  
to Attend to the Wounded.

### RESCUES FROM TRENCHES.

A bandsman of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry has won the V.C.

The story is told in a supplement of the *London Gazette* issued last night.

The King, it is said, has approved of the grant of the Victoria Cross to No. 7079 Bandsman Thomas Edward Rendle, 1st Battalion the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry for his conspicuous bravery.

On November 20, near Wulverham, he attended to the wounded under very heavy shell and rifle fire, and rescued men from the trenches in which they had been buried.

The parapets of the trenches had been blown in by the fire of the enemy's heavy howitzers.

### K. OF K.'S TEN MINUTES.

Lord Kitchener's Sister Tells of Chat Once  
a Fortnight with Her Brother.

"From all I can pick up in ten-minute conversations once a fortnight with my brother, I gather that he thinks the war will last a bit longer—in fact, a good deal longer. The longer it lasts the more men will be required, and more men we must have."

So said Mrs. Parker, Lord Kitchener's sister, yesterday when inaugurating, at Stratford, E., a Tipperary Club for soldiers' and sailors' wives and mothers.

Mrs. Parker prefaced her remarks, quoted above, by saying she believed there were a good many men who would be a great deal better for a bit of drilling and some who would be a good deal better for a bit of fighting. Perhaps they might have to go yet.

She paid a warm tribute to soldiers' wives, saying:—"They are really jolly good women, and I am very angry with anyone who says anything against soldiers' wives."

The clubs she liked best, she continued, were those which were open practically all the time.

Describing the ideal club, she said it must have a children's room, a room for entertainment and refreshment—the refreshments, of course, absolutely non-intoxicating—a reading and writing room, and the club must be non-sectarian and non-political.

She had seen one club where there was a splendid children's room, equipped with artistically decorated banana baskets where the babies were put to sleep.

### FLORAL TOUCH IN DRESS.

Women wear a rose on the fur necklet, a carnation on the muff and a bunch of violets in the large belt that is now so much in fashion.

The artificial flower and imitation floral posy have come into favour again.

Flowers are being reintroduced as hat trimmings, and the plain little velvet or fur hat has a wreath of violets, roses or pansies.

The Mayfair Flower Company has now removed to Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, and here *The Daily Mirror* found that the demand for artificial flowers is larger than ever.

As recently stated in *The Daily Mirror*, the little "jarinières," with real spring flowers, are very much used for table decoration.

These are reproduced in imitation flowers and arranged in bowls and small flower-pots just as the real ones, and the prices run from a few shillings to £5 each.

### PRIVATE LONSDALE'S NEW SENTENCE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 11.—A telegram from Berlin states that the death sentence passed on Private Lonsdale has been commuted by the Court of Appeal to one of twenty years' imprisonment.

It is understood that Private Lonsdale will be kept in prison in or near Berlin and released with the other British prisoners on the conclusion of the war.—Exchange.

## CAMP LIFE IN 'H.M.S. CRYSTAL PALACE.'

Luxuries of Clubland for Sailors  
in Training.

### GAMES AND CONCERTS.

In some respects the Crystal Palace, the home of that portion of the Royal Naval Division recruited since the war began, is the best camp in England.

As is well known, the men are being trained in battalion work or field service, one must not say how many thousands are there, but the camp is a very big one.

The men sleep in hammocks arranged in bays. There is a naval breeziness about everything: a keen and eager desire to become masters of their work, and an even greater keenness to get out to the front as quickly as possible.

The men mess together in the big halls which were formerly used for tea-rooms and restaurants; the club has been turned into an officers' club, and the petty officers have their own mess and recreation rooms.

One has only to look at the class of men in training at what is called "H.M.S. Crystal Palace" to realise what a magnificent fighting force they will make.

#### WORTH OF FRUIT A WEEK.

Perhaps the most wonderful sight at the Crystal Palace is that seen in the evening, when playtime comes round. Then the Y.M.C.A. steps in and helps the men.

The whole of one side of the Palace is taken up by the association's apartments, which include the Egyptian, Roman, Grecian and two Moroccan Courts.

Here over 5,000 letters are written every day in the writing-rooms and 2,400 letters and parcels are distributed. A band performance and a vocal concert are given every evening, and in the theatre there is a free cinema show.

The church services are held in the central transept, but there is a church for communion services, and a sick bay, where Mr. A. T. Sharpe, one of the Y.M.C.A. officials, known as "Big Ben," carries out all the commissions and writes all the letters for the sick men, and generally manages the camp. It was told he is the most popular man in the camp.

At the fruit stall alone, where fruit is sold just a trifle over cost price, the takings average £60 a week.

#### BOXING SHOWS.

Savings bank, post office, parcels bureau, laundry, lending library, games department and many other things are run by the Y.M.C.A. on a colossal scale.

The games section is not yet quite so well organised as at the White City, but it soon will be. The billiards room will shortly be opened with three tables, and anyone who has three to lend for the duration of the camp would be acclaimed a benefactor to the whole community.

A few sets of chessmen and boards, too, would be very much appreciated by Mr. Stephenson, who looks after the chess club.

The camp leader—if it were a business proposition he would be a successful managing director—is Mr. H. S. Smart, who supervises the whole concern.

Since the camp was formed at the Palace 5,400 temperance pledges have been taken and 1,400 personal pledges, and, judging from what I could see of it, the temperance bars do better business than the canteens.

P. J. MOSS.

### THE KAISER AND THE GIRL.

PARIS, Jan. 11.—A story of the Kaiser in benighted mood is being told here.

On his way to Luxembourg last September, he stopped at Bazailles, a village near Longwy, which was almost totally destroyed at the battle of Sedan.

Noticing an extremely pretty girl, he insisted on being photographed with her, and subsequently asked what she would like as her reward.

"I don't want Bazailles to be burnt to the ground," the girl replied, whereupon his Majesty wrote out an order to that effect, which has since served as a talisman whenever the village has been menaced.—Central News.

### NO WIRELESS "TIT-BITS."

At a Manchester court-martial yesterday Frederick Goddard, a printer's reader, was charged with having in his possession a wireless telegraphy apparatus.

In August part of his installation was dismantled by the Post Office. In November other apparatus, capable of receiving messages from Paris, but not of transmitting for more than a few miles, was found at his house. No battery was found.

Goddard said he had never transmitted a message, and since August had not used the apparatus, which was his wife's. It had not been given him any "tit-bits" of information, and if it had done so he could not have used them. The hearing was adjourned.

### FLOODS ENOUGH FOR TWO RIVERS.

But for the preventive schemes adopted since the last record flood of twenty years ago, the recent floods would have been much more serious than they actually were.

So said Lord Desborough at a meeting of the Thames Conservancy yesterday.

Even if there had been two Rivers Thames they would not have been large enough to take away all the water without some flooding.



King Albert inspecting his troops on the sands of a Belgian coast town on Friday last.



# GERMANY'S FIERCE RESOLVE TO KEEP ALSACE AT ANY COST

## Hurried Reinforcements to Check the Strong Advance of French.

## HOW CHANNEL AIR RAID WAS FOILED.

## Allies Take Two Lines of German Trenches After Stopping Attack.

## ENEMY'S ONSLAUGHTS FAIL AT "LITTLE FORT."

Alsace once again is becoming the scene of the most important fighting.

In taking Steinbach, the French seized a way through to Mulhouse.

Fearing that this Alsatian manufacturing and railway centre may fall, the enemy is bringing up reinforcements.

The apparent object is to recapture Steinbach and to relieve Cernay, for which both sides have been fighting hard.

Not only is Mulhouse the principal seat of cotton spinning in Western Germany, but it is on the main railway to Colmar and Strassburg.

With Cernay in their hands the French can easily strike at the railway from Mulhouse to Colmar and Strassburg, which crosses the plain below, about four miles away.

It was reported yesterday that sixteen German aeroplanes had been seen over the English Channel on the previous day.

The contemplated raid on England was spoiled by the weather, and the airmen wheeled back towards Dunkirk, where 30 bombs from twelve machines did little damage.

## GERMANS GO TO DEATH IN CLOSE FORMATION.

## Two Attacks Repulsed and Severe Losses Inflicted.

PARIS, Jan. 11.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

From the sea to the Lys there has been intermittent cannonading of slight intensity.

In the region of Ypres our artillery effectively returned the fire of the enemy and succeeded in making very good practice on the German trenches.

In the region of La Boisselle our troops seized a trench after violent fighting.

North-east of Soissons, on Spur 132, our troops repulsed yesterday a German attack.

Then they attacked in their turn, and carried two lines of trenches of the enemy on a front of about 500 yards, extending towards the east, the trenches captured on January 3, and ensuring for us the complete possession of Spur 132.

On the Aisne and in Champagne, as far as Rheims, there have been artillery duels.

From Rheims to the Argonne our artillery bombarded the first line of the enemy's trenches and the shelters of the reserves.

North of Perthes, after having beaten back the counter-attacks reported yesterday evening, we made progress and captured a line of 200 yards of trenches.

To the north of Beauséjour the enemy made stubborn endeavours to retake the little fort which he had lost.

His counter-attacks were each made with two battalions, the second one in close formation.

Both attacks were repulsed after having been very severely punished.

In the Vosges there was a heavy fall of snow. Some shells fell on Old Thann and on Hill 425.—Reuter.

## CHANNEL AIR RAID FAILS

Official details were issued in Paris yesterday of the German air raid on Dunkirk, which was reported in a large part of yesterday's *Daily Mirror*.

Sixteen German aeroplanes were seen over the English Channel on Sunday morning, and it is evident that a raid on England was contemplated.

Having got so far, however, the pilots apparently found the conditions too bad to continue their journey, for they turned their machines and steered in the direction of Dunkirk.

The airmen, who flew over Dunkirk and neighbourhood, threw about thirty bombs, says Reuter, but owing to the precautions taken there were but few casualties, and the material damage done was not very important.

PARIS, Jan. 11.—The following official message was issued verbatim from the French Press Bureau to-day:—

"The German airmen who flew over Dunkirk

threw a number of bombs and caused five victims among the civil population.

"Near Amiens a German airman was chased by a French airman on a monoplane and brought down."

"The pilot officer was killed and his companion wounded."—Exchange Special.

PARIS, Jan. 11.—In view of the precautions to be taken in case of the appearance of Zeppelins the French Press Bureau make the following announcement:—

"The population will shortly be notified in the Press of the measures taken for the eventual reduction of the lighting so that, in case of alarm, there may be no surprise or panic."—Exchange Special.

## FIGHT FOR ALSACE.

PARIS, Jan. 11.—Reports from the eastern frontier indicate that the Germans are bringing up reinforcements in Upper Alsace, fearing the fall of Mulhouse.

The Germans are making efforts to relieve Cernay and retake Steinbach.

A Taube aeroplane flying over Amiens was chased by a French airman. The German aircraft was brought down and the observer killed, having been struck by eight bullets.—Central News.

## GERMAN FLEET MOVES.

PARIS, Jan. 10.—The Copenhagen correspondent of the *Temps* learns from the best source that the German warships now in the port of Kiel comprise only old and out-of-service vessels like the *Barbarossa*, *Wuerttemberg*, *Koenigin Luise*, *Kronprinz*, and *Kaiser Wilhelm*, with a few school ships and six submarines.

All the ships of the line, as well as the first line Dreadnought squadron recently built, are at Wilhelmshaven.—Central News.

## RUSSIANS REPULSE FOUR FIERCE ATTACKS.

## Germans Driven from Trenches by Hand Grenades—Breslau's Flight in Black Sea.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 10.—The communiqué issued by the Headquarters' Staff states:—

On the left bank of the Vistula partial encounters are taking place.

During the night of January 3 the Germans four times attacked the Russian trenches to the north of the village of Sukha. All the attacks were repulsed.

Near Honsi Dolovratka a small Russian detachment effected a surprise attack on the Germans with hand grenades and drove them from the trenches.

## TRENCH TAKEN.

In the Moghelly district the Russians, advancing, took one German trench.

In the Black Sea on January 6 our fleet, during the night, met the cruisers *Breslau* and *Hamidieh*.

After firing for a short time the enemy cruisers fled in the darkness.—Central News.

## WHY AMERICA'S NOTE CAME

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—A dispatch from Washington to the Associated Press says:—

Mr. Bryan, the Secretary of State, was the only member of the Government to make a formal statement on Sir Edward Grey's reply to the American Note. The statement is as follows: "The answer being of a preliminary character and not being intended as a complete reply, we will postpone comment until a full answer has been received."

Sir Edward Grey's figure showing that commerce with neutral countries contiguous to Germany and Austria had increased since the war began are misleading.

It was not the loss already suffered which occasioned the Note, but a desire to prevent the commerce of the future being misdirected.—Reuter.

## FROM SCRAP HEAP TO LINE OF FIGHTING SHIPS.

## How the Old Sirius Wrought Havoc Amongst the German Trenches.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

There have been innumerable romances in the world war, both on land and on sea. Not the least of the latter is the romance of H.M.S. *Sirius*, the only third class cruiser of 6,300 tons which was launched at Newcastle in the good old-fashioned days of 1891.

The story of H.M.S. *Sirius* is a story of rescue. It is not the story of human lives heroically rescued under the dangers of fire, but the rescue of an old ship from the scrap heap of oblivion to a new life of imperishable glory.

The old *Sirius* had long been advertised for sale. But, somehow or other, there seemed to be no buyers of antiquaries, and the *Sirius* remained at Chatham without a purchaser.

But just a month or so ago the *Sirius*, with a small crew, was sent on a lazy journey to Portsmouth.

Suddenly, in the middle of that lazy journey, there came a wireless message ordering the crew to prepare for active service.

## SILENCED FOES' BATTERIES.

The old ship awakened to a new life, and six days after hoisting her pennant she was in the midst of a tremendous bombardment off —

Her guns worked splendidly; her crew, the members of which hardly knew each other by sight, worked like heroes, and before long the old *Sirius* had silenced a couple of German batteries.

Other batteries opened fire, but the *Sirius* went at them and silenced them. In one single day the brave old ship had fired as many as 1,500 rounds of shrapnel and lyddite from her heavy guns.

The Germans did their utmost to get their own back by concentrating their fire on the *Sirius*.

## OLD SHIP'S SWIFT TURNS.

But the old ship was manœuvred with all the swiftness of youth, and somehow or other their shells either dropped short or missed their mark.

One or two whistled overhead, and only the splinters of a couple of shrapnel shots did any damage. These scraped the starboard bow lightly and had the impudence to chip off various bits of paint, while one bit of shrapnel passed through the Union Jack flying at the foremast.

Then, having done a good day's work, the *Sirius* put in at a certain dock and replenished herself with ammunition and provisions.

By this time news had come to hand that a number of German batteries in another direction appeared to be too contented with life, so the *Sirius* went round, gave them a friendly call, dropped a few visiting cards and left them asleep.

## "CALLS" ENEMY REMEMBERED.

She spent two hours in paying these little calls of respect to various German batteries.

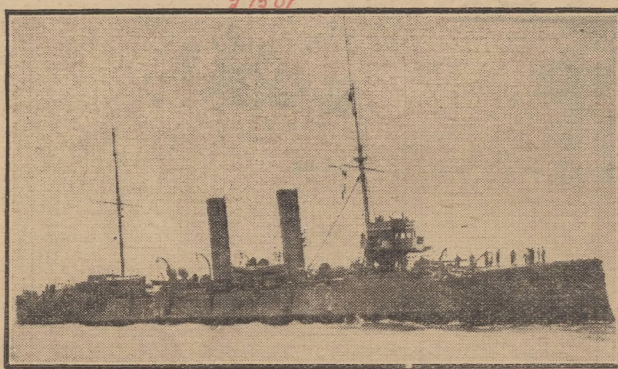
Afterwards she was informed by officers of the Royal Flying Corps, who had been watching the exchange of compliments from afar, that her guns had destroyed a German convoy as it approached a coast base and had smashed up a number of the German trenches.

Well done, *Sirius*! No wonder her crew of reserved men and pensioners who, by the way, have got quite friendly with one another by now, are proud that the old ship was saved from the scrapheap to play so glorious a part in the life of war.

## HOW HE KEEPS WARM.

ROTTERDAM, Jan. 11.—A German Landwehr frontier guard told the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant's* *Sirius* correspondent that the last letter he had from his brother in the eastern area complained of the intense cold in Russia. The writer said he wore four pairs of trousers.

"We know nothing about the war," the guard said, "because we can hardly trust our own German papers, and, besides, news is always fourteen days old."



H.M.S. *Sirius*, an old British cruiser which was due for the scrapheap when the war broke out. She has, however, been used for bombarding the Belgian coast, and the story of her career will be found in this issue.

## BAVARIAN HATRED OF THE PRUSSIANS.

## South German's Story of How Kaiser's Empire Could Have Been Set at Ears.

## AMBASSADOR'S SHOCK.

"South Germany is not Prussianised. South Germany will always hate Prussia."

Such was the observation made to *The Daily Mirror* by a South German of high rank, now resident in London, when asked what had Prussianised South Germany.

This South German has refused to serve in the Kaiser's army, but his two brothers hold high positions in the German forces.

"But why," he was asked, "has South Germany become so violently anti-British?"

"The people are not anti-British," "The whole of South Germany knows nothing but insolence and tyranny from the Prussians."

"Our own military officers, the Bavarians and the Alsations, are pleasant fellows to meet. When we meet a Prussian officer we have to get out into the road and leave him the pavement."

"Again, practically all the non-commissioned officers in the German Army are Prussians."

"It is from these men that all the State Embassy officials, all the tax collectors, all the petty municipal officers are drawn."

"There are two Germanies now, as there have always been—South Germany and North Germany, and by North Germany I mean Prussia."

"The South Germans have always hated the Prussians and the alliance with Prussia."

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## Every Curve & Dimple of Baby's wonderful little Body

is dear to you—from the clustering curls on his little head down to his pretty pink toes—and as you watch your precious darling growing bigger and stronger and lovelier every day, you will be more than ever glad that you insisted from the first that his food must be either your own Milk—or Glaxo.

For Baby's food is the building material from which he must obtain everything he needs to build up his little body, and, if it is the *right* food, a strong, beautiful building will result—Baby's flesh will be firm and warmly tinted, his bones straight and sound—his teeth will be like little pearls—his nerves and brain healthy and active.

Nobody can make the right kind of building material for Baby so well as a healthy Mother and Baby will build up best if his Mother can give him enough breast milk to satisfy his needs. But if the Mother's milk is not rich or plentiful enough or if she cannot stand the strain—then Glaxo comes to her aid.

For Glaxo is pure milk made as nourishing and easily digestible as healthy breast milk, and, as many mothers have told us, "it agrees with Baby just like breast milk." Baby will therefore readily take a bottle of Glaxo in turn with the breast, and this is perhaps the best way of feeding Baby, for not only is Baby well nourished, but the strain on the Mother is relieved and she has so much more freedom. Should she have to go away suddenly, become ill or worried, she knows that Baby will take his Glaxo quite contentedly and the regularity of his feeding will not be interfered with.

Or, if she prefers to do so, the Mother can increase and enrich the supply of breast milk and build up her own strength by herself taking one or two glasses of hot rich Glaxo daily or milk puddings made with Glaxo.

But if Baby cannot have any breast milk, then Glaxo should be his sole food from birth, for pure, uncontaminated milk is the only food suitable for Baby, and that is what Glaxo is—the very best of pure, rich milk made still more nourishing with extra cream and milk sugar. Like breast milk, Glaxo is entirely free from starch, flour, malt, or cane sugar, and it is superior to



This little pig went to market,  
This little pig stayed at home,  
This little pig had GLAXO,  
This little pig had none.

ordinary milk because the Glaxo Process makes it germ-free and easily digestible by even a very weak baby from birth. A doctor says: "Glaxo is superior to (ordinary) cow's milk for infants, being so much more digestible, and should be absolutely invaluable to mothers who for some reason cannot suckle their infants. (Signed) —, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P."

There is nothing secret about Glaxo. It is a natural product, and we tell you what it is because we believe that every mother ought to know what she is giving her baby.

You have only to send for the beautifully illustrated Glaxo Baby Book to see for yourself how highly Glaxo is prized by doctors and nurses, and how, all over the world, it is day by day building up an ever-increasing number of Bonnie Babies, whose mothers are only too pleased to bear testimony to the wonderful body-building powers of Glaxo.

A mother writes of her baby: "She wears the Glaxo smile of contentment and she is one of the best of babies, so contented and good." Not only does Glaxo build happy and contented babies, but it relieves the mother of so much trouble and anxiety. With Glaxo you have no fear of milk-borne diseases, no elaborate mixing to do, no cooking, no scalded or wasted milk. You simply add boiling water to Glaxo and Baby's food is ready in a couple of minutes! You do

not add milk or cream, because Glaxo itself is milk or cream. So that Glaxo is not only the safe alternative for breast milk, but it is also the easiest to prepare and so economical—for you have no milk or cream to buy—*nothing to pay for but the Glaxo itself.*

Every good chemist can supply you with Glaxo and the Glaxo Baby Book, or we shall be pleased to send you a trial tin, together with the Glaxo Baby Book on receipt of the coupon (see below) and 3d. in stamps.

# Glaxo

Awarded Gold Medal International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913.  
By Royal Appointment to the Court of Spain.

## "Builds Bonnie Babies"

1/-, 2/-, 5/- Tins of all Chemists and Stores.

Ask your Doctor!

## OUR OFFER



British Made and The Best.

"The Practitioner" says—"We have carefully examined the Glaxo Feeder, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best that has come to our notice. It is remarkably simple, easily cleaned; does not crack when put from hot into cold liquids; its dosage can be accurately measured from both ends; the valve and teat cannot be pulled off by baby while feeding. Its shape is an immense improvement on the usual style."

### Glaxo Feeder

Feeder complete in box with Teat and Valve, 1s. Spare bottles, 7d. each. Teats 3d. each. Valves, 2d. each. If your chemist cannot supply you, send P.O. direct to Glaxo, 45B, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

### FULL INDEX OF THE GLAXO BABY BOOK

Page	Page	Page
Adenoids .....	Development .....	Night Feeds .....
Advice to a Mother .....	Diarrhoea .....	Nursery .....
Albumen Water .....	Dietaries 2 to 12 months .....	Nursing Mothers .....
Ailments .....	12 to 18 .....	Premature Babies .....
Analysis .....	18 to 24 years .....	Quinsey .....
Balancing Baby .....	Dill Water .....	Scabies .....
Beef Juice .....	Diphtheria .....	Scalds .....
Beef Tea .....	Dysentery .....	Scalds (see burns) .....
Bow Legs .....	Expectant Mothers .....	Scarlet Fever (see fever) .....
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Colic .....	Compared to Milk .....	Vaccination .....
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Constipation .....	Jaundice .....	When Baby goes out .....
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Cost of rearing a baby on Glaxo .....	Measure .....	
Croup .....	Meat Juice .....	
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Proprietors: J. Nathan and Co., Ltd., Wellington, N.Z., and London.

### Post this Coupon To-day

or a Postcard

To GLAXO, 45B, King's Road,  
St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me by return the 72-page GLAXO BABY BOOK offered FREE to everyone who loves a baby.

Name .....

Address .....

Chemist's Name .....

Address .....

N.B.—If 3d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon a large Trial Tin of GLAXO will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book.

D.M.F.  
12/15



# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1915.

## "WHEN THE WAR BEGINS."

IN THE GENERAL newlessness of the moment—and no news is, perhaps, the best news that can at present be hoped for—we notice a strange taste for passing on from one to another stories of what the great men of the moment are saying about the situation at the front. The latest story, sweeping like an epidemic over London, is the one about Lord Kitchener and that old question concerning the end of the war. "I don't know when it will end. It will begin in May." Everybody has heard the rather grim *mot*. It is the saying of the moment.

And now, no doubt—here in January—it represents the general anticipation for the next few months, though it has only recently begun to represent it. When the war burst upon us, few of us realised that it would be *this* war—this nearly to us incomprehensible siege-delaying; this waiting; yet this continual wasting away of human life, this swaying to and fro with news of infinite floundering and muddy vicissitudes *la-bas* on the eastern frontier. Perhaps we shall not generalise too ignorantly, if we say that nearly all anticipated a swifter, more rapidly decisive, struggle. The Kaiser promised the men their homes again by Christmas. There was the phrase, "before the leaves fall." Over here, we heard one who, in the first week or two, wanted to prepare for "street fighting"—in London: perhaps an abnormally pessimistic prevision. . . . But on all sides it was thought there would be a dreadful smash there, a crash somewhere else, and then, the smoke once cleared away, we should see—something very definite.

It has taken some little while for the minds of fighters and watchers to adapt themselves to the new thought, implying a new attitude. "The war will begin in May." It will be for all of us what the French call a *travail de longue haleine* then—a deep, deep breath will be needed to fill the lungs for the tremendous run, each atom of strength being economised meanwhile. Waste nothing, expect nothing, draw the breath in for the great spurt: it is the new attitude.

And it is—let us recognise this—the attitude that best suits us in England, as it suits best all those countries whom war found less prepared than the one country in Europe that had resolutely determined to have it at a given moment. Time now is on our side, not on theirs. The swiftness we anticipated from them, they possessed. But it was spent "before the leaves fell." Their specially characteristic military gesture displayed itself early and uselessly. With each month now till the war begins, the breath of strength comes, if we only will it, to ourselves; as in the same proportion it deserts them. Before the leaves bud again this will be clear to Europe.

It is a hard situation, then, a tense, prolonged anxiety. But the way to end it is to stick to it, weekly increasing the exclusive effort. Whatever truth there may be in that reported story about May, it is, we may be sure, a sound and salutary story to bear in mind, as fitly answering to the facts. It is less silly than other rumours we have heard, and prompts a wiser expectation than that which consists in murmuring "When will the war end?" to everybody we meet in the apparent hope that everybody will have exclusive information enabling him to say "next week." W. M.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are untossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent and the storm passed under the grass to cover them and the lichen to feed upon them, and are ploughed down into the dust.—*Buskin*.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### THE ENGLISH WAITER.

THOUGH keenly anxious that Englishmen should fill the good places in their own country, I am still inclined to agree with your correspondents who declaim against the English waiter.

Charles Dickens was not the first to point out his defects. He seems—I know not why—to be drawn from a particularly greasy and grimy type. You never seem to see such neat clean men as you do in Paris. I suppose the explanation must really be that our best men of this kind do not become waiters. S. E.

### "HARD HIT."

I CAN honestly say that I have tried to do my best to keep my own little dressmaker going.

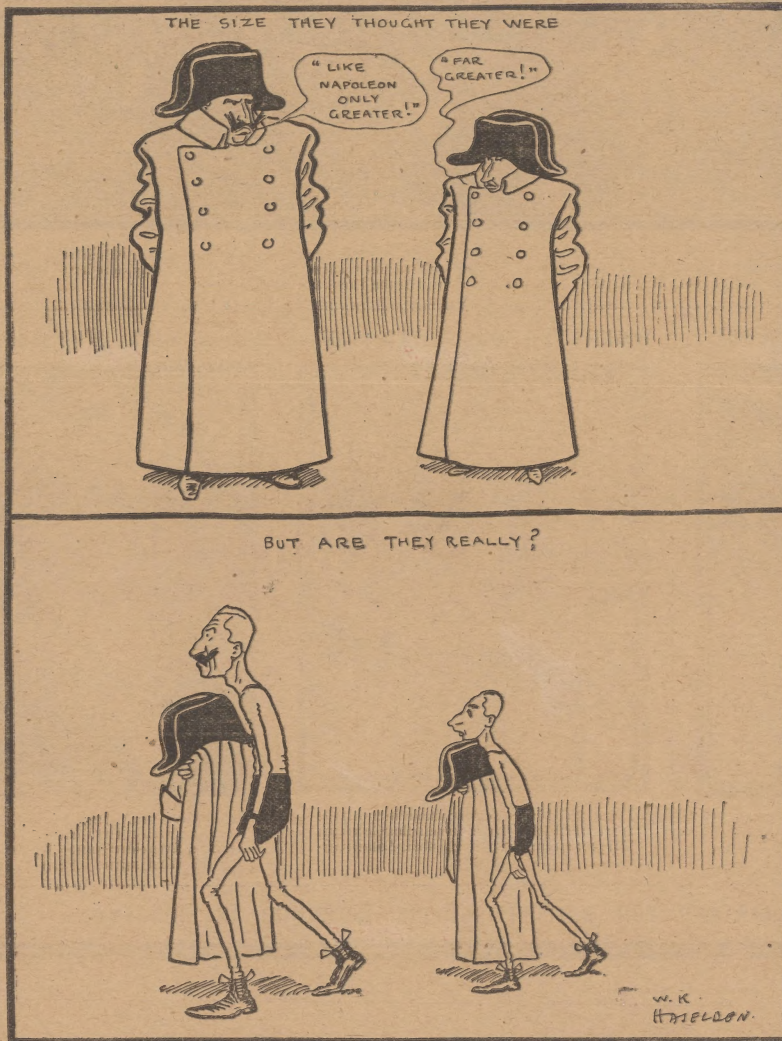
us a dual duty in this war. Our first duty is to spend. Our second duty is not to spend. I do not see how we can reconcile the two. T. R. Hampstead.

### "GLAD TO BE ALIVE."

YOUR correspondent, Miss Charlotte Brook, is one of many who are proud to be alive at this time. This spirit seems far beyond the conception of "Bernard Chaplin," who recommends Christians "to turn away in disgust."

Away with such false Christianity! Mr. Bernard Chaplin will regret his sneer at "this Christian lady" when he realises that it is because men are "made in the likeness of God" that they face the horrible filth, agonising wounds and death in their fight for righteous dealing between nations, and are

## THE WILLIES' NAPOLEONIC STUFFING DISAPPEARS



They began by being very like Napoleon—as far as overcoats went. But then the overcoats had to be taken off, and there was very little Napoleonic left underneath them.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

but really this war hits all of us, more or less, and the appeal to help those that are "hard hit" by it surely ignores the fact that we are all hard hit.

Thus I am able still to spend a little money on clothes, but I am not able to spend on every-

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

thing. I must save somewhere. But whenever I try to save somebody says: "Don't save on me; keep me going. Buy fruit or clothes or meat or fish as usual"—whichever it may be. Now this is quite impossible.

It seems to me we all have impressed upon

giving their lives that "war frightfulness" shall not govern humanity.

Is Mr. Bernard Chaplin a better Christian than the Christ Who turned away in disgust from the world? What, then, is King Albert of Belgium? W. R. BRADBROOK.

### IMMORTALITY.

Foiled by our fellow men, depress'd, outworn,  
We leave the brutal world to take its way.  
And, Patient! in another life, we say,  
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne!  
And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn  
The world's poor, routed leavings; or will they,  
Who fall'd under the heat of life's life's day,  
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?  
No, not the energy of life may be  
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;  
And he who flags'd not in the earthly strife,  
From strength to strength advancing—only he,  
His soul well-tut, and all his battles won,  
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.  
—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

### How the Younger Generation Are Training To Be of Use.

#### THE BOY'S ENTHUSIASM.

TRUE patriotism cannot be taught because it is a feeling, and feelings are born with one—implanted by Nature and only developed, or it may be hampered, by education.

This war has brought home to British boys, as no other war ever has done, the true significance of the school Rifle Corps which may at one time have seemed to them rather a dull thing.

Nobody thinks it dull now. But I am sure that in the school I am thinking of no boy has found it in the least necessary to "preach" to the boys about their giving their services. All were eager to give. And if any of your correspondents want to see the same eagerness manifested just as readily they had better go up to Oxford and Cambridge and see how deserted of undergraduates they are. AN UNDERGRADUATE IN TRAINING. Berkhamsstead.

#### THE WHOLE SCHOOL JOINS.

WITH regard to the letter of "T. S.W.," it may interest you to know that at one of our best known public schools in the West of England, at which the corps is entirely voluntary, every eligible member of the school belongs to it.

Also at the beginning of the war classes of instruction were organised for house members of the corps over sixteen and a half. These classes took place in the boys' spare time, and were joined by every boy above the age limit.

This would not seem to point to the lack of popularity of the corps of which your correspondent complains. O. T. C.

THEIR SOLEMN DUTY. WHEN I was at school any attempt to force patriotism upon us seemed to produce nothing but unwillingness and contempt.

Cricket and football were commended by the public opinion of the boys. The Rifle Corps was the subject of occasional sermons from the masters. That was just the difference.

I sometimes feel that if the masters had gathered us together and solemnly said: "Boys, boys it is your solemn duty to play cricket"—we should have felt a great and groving repugnance for cricket.

Boys hate doing their solemn duty and being told what their solemn duty is. Perhaps this solemnity accounts for the unpopularity of the O.T.C. in some schools. But nowadays there is no such unpopularity to complain of. The war has changed all that. ANOTHER SCHOOLMASTER.

#### THE BOY AT HOME.

I THINK the whole public spirit of our public schools has turned in the direction of military service.

But what about the boy brought up at home? Many boys are reared on one reason or another still

escape the influence of public school discipline, and I am afraid the great lessons of the war will be lost amongst these. Their number is made up largely of boys perhaps in a class who would not in any case go to a public school.

A SCOUTMASTER.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 11.—The border chrysanthemums are, perhaps, the most beautiful flowers we have for decorating the garden during October and November.

In mild localities, where the soil is of a light nature, they generally prove quite hardy, and pass through the winter unharmed. But in most gardens it is best to lift the roots in December and plant them close together in cold frames or near a sunny south wall. Coal ashes should be placed around the shoots; these will keep slugs away.

Cuttings of the hardy chrysanthemums can be taken during February. E. E. S.



# DUMMY WITH IRON CROSS EXASPERATES GERMANS

9.4908 J

4 961 4



French soldiers asking for their letters at the "Trenchtown" post-office and with their dummy Marius. It is decorated with an Iron Cross which they took from a prisoner. The French love to hold it up above the trenches because it exasperates the enemy, who have riddled it with bullets. But waste of ammunition only makes the Frenchmen laugh louder.

## SAVED BY A SCARF.

P. 16323



This scarf, which is riddled with holes, saved the life of Private W. Ford. It was given to him by the Mayoress of Exeter.

## WHEN THE HUNS HAD GONE.

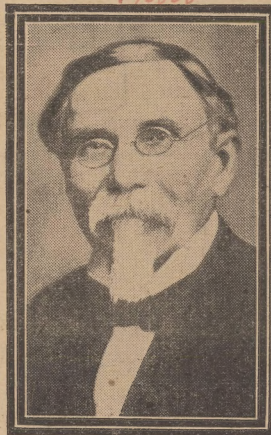
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French soldiers reroof a cottage in a village from which they have driven the Germans. The occupants are putting their home ship-shape.

## SIEGE GUN INVENTION.

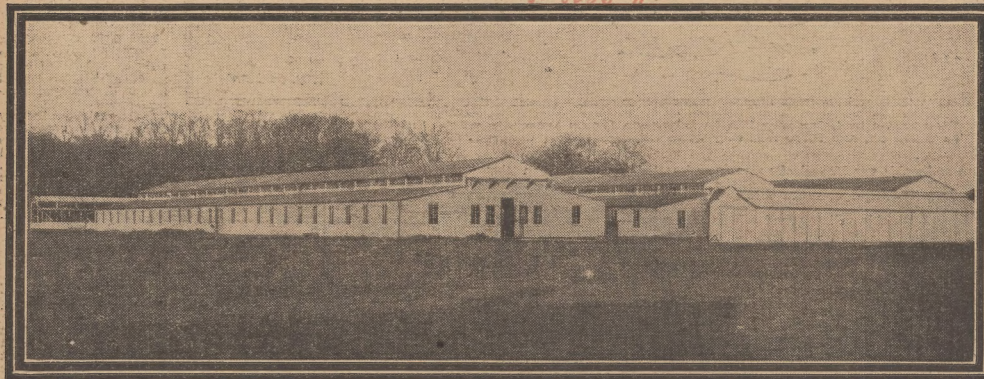
P. 16356



Louis Gathmann, inventor of the detonator which the Germans use on their huge siege guns. He lives in Washington, U.S.A.

## NEW QUARTERS FOR BRITISH SAILORS INTERNED IN HOLLAND.

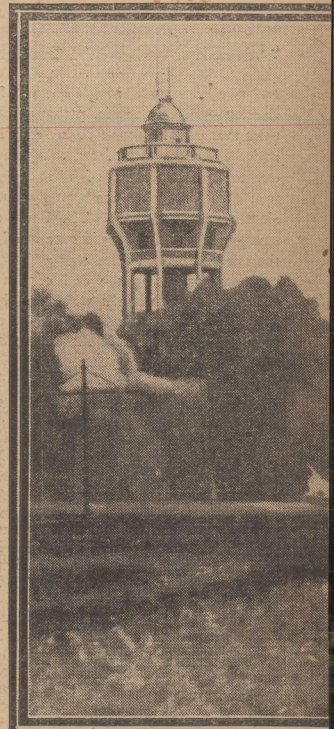
4 5685 A



The British sailors interned in Holland have every reason to be grateful to the Dutch authorities, who have spared no pains to make the men comfortable. Roomy wooden buildings have been erected for their accommodation at Groningen, and the picture shows a corner of the new settlement. The occupants are well and happy, but would, of course, like to be able to go back to the firing line.

# ENDED IN SMOKE

9.4530



Zeebrugge's water tower blown up by the Germans. Zeebrugge is one of the towns which were bombed from the sea.

## SCHOOLCHILDREN



A teacher well protected against the cold war States. These institutions have proved so successful that they might be a success.



# MONSTER SHELL

9566 P



any's biggest shell, which is taller than a  
f average height. It is for one of their  
huge 47-centimetre guns.

## D IN BAGS.

935 S



pupil at an open-air school in the United  
ral more have been opened recently. They  
ot always rain.

# CHILDREN'S PLAY AT LONDON'S SMALLEST THEATRE

P. 12661

P. 12661



The wicked Queen makes Snow White eat a poisoned apple and tries to squeeze her life out with corsets.

P. 12661

P. 12661

P. 1805 B



The little dwarf is very clever.



The dwarf's dance for Snow White.



Iris Rowe in the title role.

An adaptation of Grimm's well-known fairy story, "Snow White," is being performed with great success by children at the Margaret Morris Theatre, Chelsea. The theatre is the smallest in London and only seats 150 persons. Miss Margaret Morris, who has written the play and painted the scenery, plays the wicked queen. Angela Baddeley is the little dwarf.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## AFRICAN NATIVES GIVE PRACTICAL PROOF OF THEIR LOYALTY.

1325 T



If the Kaiser tried to stir up a rebellion in British East Africa he would only add one more to his long list of failures. The natives are not only loyal, but are all eager to prove it by doing something useful, and are learning, amongst other things, to act as stretcher-bearers. The picture shows them carrying "wounded" men for practice.



## Should a Child have a Night Light?

Opinions expressed by leading Authorities.

(No. 5).

An Eminent Continental Medico says:

"In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the presence of a light in the sick room alleviates pain. For the same reason, do not let your children sleep in the dark if they prefer a light. The denial of a Night Light has made many a child ill with heart disease. If children refuse to sleep in the dark, it may be assumed that there is some physical or mental reason for it which we ought to respect."

## Price's Night Lights

93 AWARDS

Their unrivalled excellence has gained for them the largest sale in the world, and costing so little, there is no economy in buying inferior brands.

ROYAL CASTLE or CHILD'S

for Small Light.  
To burn in a canner containing water.

PALMITINE STAR

for Medium Light.  
To burn in a glass holder without water.



CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS

For Large Light and Heat.

The only lights suitable for use in Clarke's Pyramid Nursery Lamp and Food Warmer.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



C. & Co.

## Cadbury's Milk Chocolate



and a piece of bread  
AN IDEAL MEAL FOR CHILDREN.

## STOUTNESS VANISHES QUICKLY.

LADY REDUCES HER WEIGHT THIRTY-SIX POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS WITHOUT THE AID OF DRUGS.

All Readers will be Furnished Absolutely Free with Copy of Interesting Book, which Tells how Anyone Can Easily Reduce Themselves by Her Method in Their Own Home, Without the Knowledge of Closest Friends.

DOUBLE CHIN AND FAT HIPS GO QUICKLY  
Over 25,000 Men and Women Have Reduced Their Weight by Her Method



This illustrates the result of Miss Hartland's method.

WINIFRED GRACE HARTLAND is making one of the most remarkable offers that any one woman ever made to her fellow-beings. This charming creature is doing her utmost to benefit men and women who had thought themselves doomed by being obliged to carry around a horrible burden of superfluous fat. Experience has taught her that her method will make their life sweeter and lovelier in every way. She personally reduced herself 36lb. in five weeks, and made herself a well, strong woman after she had tried everything she heard of. No poisonous drugs, no harmful exercises, no starvation diet, but the simplest of home methods, is to-day responsible for her beautiful, willowy figure. Miss Hartland explains in her book how any overstout woman may do the same thing that she herself did by Nature's own method, and have the beautiful lines of figure so much admired. Many women look ten or fifteen years younger since using Miss Hartland's system of

Fat Reduction, and are much improved, not only in appearance, but in general health. Her method reduces burdensome fat from any part of the body—a reduction that lasts. Large numbers of grateful letters are pouring into Miss Hartland daily, and it will not be long before the present edition of her book will be exhausted. The book is just off the press, and it is certainly a work of art. Beautiful photographs lend an artistic touch to the fascinating style in which the book is written. It is wonderfully instructive, and it is proving a great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free to anyone interested in her discovery. All she asks is that a penny stamp be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to Miss Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 763), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Food enjoyed is Food more nourishing—

and food prepared with Bisto is always enjoyed. Thickening, colouring and seasoning in one—Bisto is the best of aids to household economy. Try it for gravies, soups and stews.

## BISTO

makes the simplest fare most appetising.

All Grocers. Tins 6jd., 3jd. Packets 1d.

## TOBACCO HABIT



I offer a genuine guaranteed Remedy for combating tobacco or snuff habit. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for a cigarette, cigar, pipe, chewing tobacco, or snuff; they are poisonous and seriously injurious to health, causing such disorders as nervous depression, despondency, gas, belching, yawning, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vision, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, emaciation, lassitude, loss of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is useful and tempting to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by merely stopping—don't do it. The gentle, safe, agreeable way is to eliminate the noxious poisons from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves, and genuinely overcome the craving. You can give up tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days' method. Inexpensive, reliable. Full particulars, including my book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit sent in plain wrapper, FREE. EDWARD J. WOODS, 16, Berwick Street 316 T.B.A., London, W.C.

## GAMAGES

BARGAIN VALUES  
THIS WEEK.

LIMITED QUANTITY ONLY  
LADIES'

MACKINTOSH COATS.

Sound Durable Texture. Raglan Sleeves. Sewn Seams. Colours: Fawn and Green. Lengths: 50, 52, 54ins.

PRICE 8/9 Worth 12/9 and 14/6.

HOLE-RESIST BLACK CASHMERE HOSE.

BRITISH MADE. Guaranteed against Holes.

Fast Colours and Shrinkless. With every pair we also give a 612 Months' Guarantee, and with every three pairs a Three Months' Guarantee.

Quantity A. Plain or Ribbed. 3 pns. 6 pns. for 1/6

Small Women's 4/- 7/6

Women's 4/- 7/6

Outside 4/- 8/6

Quantity B. Small Women's 4/- 8/6

Women's 4/- 8/6

Outside 4/- 8/6

Quantity C. Small Women's 6/- 11/6

Women's 6/- 11/6

Outside 6/- 12/6

Gent's Plain Cashmere Hosiery. Sizes 10, 10 1/2, 11. 3 pns. for 3/- 6 pns. for 5/-



6 BLANKETS FOR 12/6.

CARRIAGE PAID.

This Sale contains six blankets all guaranteed to be as good as new.

Lot A—1 Heat White Wilton Blanket, Col. Pure Blue and

serviceable quality.

Lot B—1 Heat White Fleece Blanket, warm and cozy. Blue Border, made from special soft yarn, size 56 x 78 ins. Lot C—2 Coloured Blankets, will wash and wear. One in Blue and Pink, whipped both ends, size 42 x 74 ins. Lot D—2 Coloured Blankets, quality as Lot C, in extra large size 47 x 92 ins.

All Drapery Goods Delivered Carriage Paid.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.



# THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

## AN UNEXPECTED CLIMAX.

HENDERSON glanced hastily at the paper Mrs. Cunliffe had pushed across at him, and nodded. He had noticed nothing of her momentary agitation.

With more confidence than he had displayed since the beginning of the interview, he answered Hillier's question. "You should be very glad to hear that you required no proof, Jack," he said.

"Why?"

"Obviously, surely; because under those circumstances you must have become aware that you had married under a misapprehension, and that would make our task less difficult—and painful."

"Your task? What is that?"

There was a ring in Hillier's tones that echoed unpleasantly in Henderson's ears. He looked across at the man who leaned back in the chair, and behind those disfiguring bandages he pictured John Hillier's eyes. Clear, steadfast, honest eyes, with a flicker of contempt in their grey lights. That is how they would have looked. . . .

And now, after all these years of friendship, it had come to this: that when he was blind the man he had believed to be his friend was going to stab him in the back.

Thinking these thoughts, it was odd how Henderson had a single shadowy thought, darkened eyes behind the swathing bandages were watching him, searching, as it were, into his soul for some sign of shame. . . .

"Come along, come along, Henderson. What's the task? You came here to-day with your friend for some very definite reason. It's one not altogether difficult to guess at. Consider the first round as a failure—produce your stronger suit."

Mrs. Cunliffe's face whitened at a little. How had he guessed at the very phrase she was used to? He could not have seen—it was not possible—yet the coincidence was unnerving. She felt the fire of hatred in her heart flicker up fiercely and send out little licking tongues of flame towards this man also. . . . this man who loved Sylvia Craven.

"I don't altogether grasp your meaning," Henderson said. "You speak of guessing at my errand. For your own sake, I hope you don't. It might place you in an awkward position, since I have come to place before you certain facts connected with the death of your sister-in-law in India—the lady who was buried under the name of Sylvia Craven, but who was, in actual fact, Valerie Craven, Sylvia Craven's elder sister."

Mrs. Cunliffe, watching the man in the big chair very closely, saw how the tell-tale nerve in his cheek twitched suddenly. Yet he gave no other sign of agitation or surprise. He leaned forward and placed the stub of his cigar on the tray that stood on the edge of the table.

And as she watched him a thought leaped to Rose Cunliffe's mind—"This man is not more blind than I am."

She longed to communicate this thought that, even as it was formed, had become a certainty, to her companion, but she dared not.

"And these facts?" demanded John Hillier's curt, dry voice.

All things upon one supreme fact—that the death of Miss Craven was no accident, but a premeditated, carefully planned assassination.

"You lie!"

Completely roused now from his carefully-simulated indifference, Hillier made a movement forward, as though he would have taken Henderson by the throat, and the man, utterly taken aback by the swift directness of the unexpected attack, sprang back, overturning his chair.

"I do not lie. For your sake—for the sake of your wife—I tacitly lie at the time, hushing up every suspicious detail. But I have witnesses to my hand if I care to use them."

It was as though these words had come on Hillier with the sobering influence of a cold douche. He made a gesture of his hand, as though he waved Henderson to a chair.

"Sit down," he said. "Nearer me—here. I don't want all the hotel to be aware of our business."

Hillier's voice was that of a man who is putting a great and a very difficult restraint upon his passion.

Henderson sat down as he was requested, moving to a Chesterfield couch that stood with its back to the folding doors. It was not until he was seated that he realised that by changing his position he had separated himself from his companion and any possibility of consultation with her.

"You speak of witnesses. Witnesses of what?"

"Of the fact that it was impossible for Miss Craven's death to have occurred as the result of a fall, for example. The lady must have been carried after death and placed in the position in which she was found."

"On what grounds do you base this assertion?"

"Miss Craven was supposed to have fallen a height of, roughly speaking, a couple of hundred feet—on to a flagged pavement. That it is impossible is amply proved by the fact that, not only were her bones broken, but there was not so much as the smallest bruise upon the body."

"And what do you allege to be the cause of death?"

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

"Some native poison; one of the many herbal poisons that leave no external trace, but of which some faint internal trace would undoubtedly have been discovered had a post-mortem examination been made."

"I trusted you absolutely."

Henderson hesitated for a moment. When he spoke there was a ring of defiance in his tone.

"I hushed the matter up because you were my friend," he said. "You had trouble enough to bite the bullet as it was. I didn't want to let you in for any more."

"And now—your friendship has undergone some moderation?"

Mrs. Cunliffe frowned. She did not like the trend of this interview that was proceeding on lines so very different from those which she had laid down. Henderson was bungling badly.

Suddenly she wished herself free of the whole matter. She had been a fool to come. The mists of hatred cleared and showed her the rocks upon which she was venturing.

"No. But the matter has taken a different complexion," Henderson said, quietly. "In India I did not imagine that your wife was implicated in the matter. Now I am convinced that she is. And, even for your sake, Jack, I can't let a matter like this rest."

He leaned forward. "Do you forget how I told you that I heard women quarrelling as I passed the palace. One of the voices was your wife's."

"For a second or two Hillier did not speak. He sat with his chin on his breast as though he pondered the matter. With an abrupt movement he raised his head."

"It's an ugly business," Henderson, you'll stand by me in this? Of course it would be very terrible for me to have any scandal raked up now."

"It would certainly be awkward," Henderson said, speaking in a dispassionate tone, as though the circumstances under discussion were absolutely commonplace.

"Not that for a moment I suspect the lady who is my wife of any complicity in the matter," Hillier added. "Yet I am forced to acknow-

## NEW USE FOR OLD GLOVES.



Old gloves which have been made into a waist-coat for a soldier, or a set of gloves away, but send them to the Ladies' Territorial Committee, who can put them to such good use. It only costs 1s. to make one of these warm garments.

ledge that there are circumstances which might make the matter look very—very strange. Witnesses, you say? Oh, absurd; these natives will say anything for money, yet—"

Hillier paused indecisively, like a man who, endeavouring to bluff a situation out, fails suddenly, overwhelmed by the recurring horror of it.

He turned on Henderson.

"Why have you come to take this matter up? You held your tongue in India. Was it because I was a poor man then, and there was nothing whatever to be gained from me?"

Mrs. Cunliffe gave a bitter little laugh. "That, I fancy, Sir John, is about the size of the matter," she said. "It is now Mr. Henderson who is a poor man with absolutely nothing to lose. You are a very rich one, with all the world to lose. We are quite ready to come to some arrangement in the matter."

Still ignoring her, Hillier addressed Henderson.

"And what is your figure? How much do you want for holding your tongue?"

"That would have to be a matter of arrangement," the woman said. "Ten thousand pounds down, perhaps."

"Ten thousand pounds down!" Hillier repeated. "You understand, Henderson, this is blackmail. An ugly word, you know, and one with very ugly consequences." He waited for a moment, but Henderson did not speak. "I thought better things of you, Henderson."

The blood rushed up under the tan on Henderson's cheeks.

"And, by heaven, you showed it the other day at the Majestic—you and your wife. I wasn't good enough for her to shake hands with, wasn't I?"

The word choked in his throat. Hillier had thrown himself on him, bearing him back against the back of the couch.

"I've had patience with you too long. I guessed your game the moment your names were

brought to me this morning. Out you go, and quietly, too," for Henderson, struggling under his grip, was spitting out curses and threats. "Another word and I'll telephone to the police."

"The police," Mrs. Cunliffe repeated. "I think it is for us to threaten the law."

"Mrs. Cunliffe!"

Hillier threw Henderson away from him, plunging backwards across the couch, and turned to the woman for the first time.

"This is an ugly affair, and I regret very much that you have mixed yourself up in it. But please understand—both of you—I stand in no fear of you whatever. Breathe one word of all these ugly vapourings and threatenings that you have tainted the air of this room with, and I shall have you instantly arrested as persons bonded together to commit a very heavily punishable offence."

He paused, looking straight at the woman between those artfully-arranged bandages, and saw how her face had changed, as though a coat of grey paint had been laid on it, vitiating its natural hues; saw, also, from the look in her eyes that she had guessed his carefully-guarded secret.

"I left you for a moment, shortly after your arrival. You remember I was. It was in order to make arrangements for a reliable witness to be stationed in the next compartment, who could take a careful and reliable report of all that might transpire at our interview."

He bowed and smiled.

"It lies with you, madam, to judge who, under these circumstances, stands to lose most by any appeal to the police."

She made no answer. Her eyes gave him a full message of utter baffled hatred. She turned and went out of the room without a word, and, without a word also, Henderson followed her.

Left alone, Hillier was conscious of a swift regret. This man had once been his friend.

## THE CONFESSION.

It was about an hour later that, in answer to a brushing of fingers against the panel of the sitting-room door, Hillier roused himself from the lethargy of his thoughts and called: "Come in."

It was Sylvia who entered. He saw her glance about the room with a timid expectancy. Then: "You're alone, Jack? I was half afraid Mr. Henderson might not have gone."

"Henderson? Ah, he went long ago. Good riddance to him. The fellow has been absolutely ruined by his wife's death."

"He brought a friend with him?" she said interrogatively.

"Yes." Hillier from under the screening bandages saw a look of fear cross her white face. "A lady quite as undesirable as himself."

She moved to the window and stood for a moment looking down at the crowded courtyard. Her hands were clasped loosely behind her back. He saw how the fingers worked nervously.

"Jack," she turned to him abruptly. "I have something to say to you. I have come to tell you something."

"Yes?" He smiled at her. Was it fear that was prompting her or love. . . . was this the outcome of those moments on the balcony upstairs, or of her waiting whilst Henderson and some unknown friend of Henderson's came, perhaps, with ghostly little-tattle from India?

"It is not a pleasant something," the girl continued, her voice gaining in strength. She came towards him, and made a little gesture of pleading, a gesture she did not imagine that he could see. "It ought to have been told you long ago. Only. . . . only I am a coward, Jack."

"What is it? Come here; no, quite near me. I like to have you very near me when unpleasant things are floating about. I feel less of a coward myself then," he whispered.

"Jack. . . . it's this. . . . from the very first I have deceived you—lied to you. I am not Valerie. I am Sylvia."

He felt her trembling like a leaf. Saw the agony in her face. This was no common cheat, this woman on whose face had come a look as of the approach of death.

"I can't go on, Jack. I forgive me. It is a thing not to be forgiven—I understand that. But, Jack, it was because I loved you, try to believe that. Because you needed love so sorely. And Valerie had—had failed you."

His grasp of his arm about her waist did not relax.

"Tell me, tell me everything, quite simply and clearly. Perhaps I shall be able to understand. Valerie had failed—how?"

Her face was turned away from him. He could only see the outline of the fine curve of her cheek.

"Not a very long story, told as she told it. A story he might have found very difficult to understand had he not been able to read between the lines. As he sat there listening it seemed to John Hillier that there could scarcely be further depths of humiliation which his soul could plumb."

Valerie, the woman he had loved, whom he had trusted; the woman for whom he had spent those years of exile in India—had thrown him over for a half-mad brute like Sir George Clair. She paused. "And—so I came; you know the rest."

"Sylvia—Sylvia"—Hillier's voice was a little unsteady as she paused—not all the rest. Is there nothing else that you have got to include in this confession to me?"

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.



BABY THOMAS.

## The Picture of Health

Mrs. BEN THOMAS, of The Boot Stores, Station Road, Ystradgynlais, Brecon, South Wales, writes: "My little son Ralph has been fed entirely on Virol since he was 44 months old. When he was about that age, the child was seriously ill and exceedingly emaciated. In fact, my Doctor had almost given up hope of his recovery. After experimenting with different foods with no effect, the Doctor advised us to try your preparation as a last resource. The child immediately improved and progressed wonderfully, so that he is now quite robust and looks the picture of health. The enclosed photograph bears out my statement. I cannot tell you how delighted we are with the good results obtained by the use of Virol."

## VIROL

Virolised Milk—a teaspoonful of Virol mixed with half-a-pint of warm (not hot) milk—is an ideal food for nervous exhaustion.

Used in 1,000 Hospitals and Sanatoria.

In Jars, 1/-, 1/8, and 2/11.

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S.H.B.

### NO MORE GREY HAIR

Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown by the use of

#### VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

(Walnut Taint).

A perfect, cleanly, harmless, and washable stain. Does not soil the pillow. Price: 1s. 2s. and 5s. 6d. per bottle. By post 3d. extra, securely packed. Address: C. L. VALENTINE, 57, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## SAVE MONEY DURING THE WAR

Day and Martin, the British Firm established over 140 years, have brought out the "D. and M. Economic Disc," which fits over the top of the polish and prevents waste by allowing just enough Boot polish to be taken out by the brush. The "Economic Disc" can be used with a 1d. tin of D. and M. Daymar Polish or with a 2d. tin of most other polishes. This is because the D. and M. Daymar 1d. tins are practically the same size as the 2d. tins of almost all other makes, and by using the "Disc" the supply will last at least three times as long. Send 1d. stamp for "Economic Disc," or 2 stamps for Disc and Polish, to Day & Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters-road, Stratford, E.

### COFFEE

for the early birds

A cup of Camp Coffee first thing is a fine start for the day.

No worry with coffee-pots, strainers, or waiting—just a spoonful of "Camp" into a cup of boiling water and it's ready. Sold everywhere. L. Valerius & Sons, Ltd., 10, The Specialists, Glasgow.



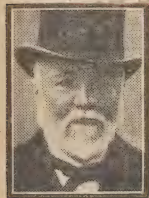
# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## Mr. Carnegie's Silence.

The world has been wondering lately why Mr. Andrew Carnegie has had so little to say about the war. He is now in America, where he is remaining until peace is declared. The enormously wealthy Pittsburgh-steel-magnate seems to be maintaining a dignified silence on current events, but he must be a bitterly disappointed man. The Peace Movement specially appealed to him.

## The Kaiser Didn't Agree.

Some years ago he believed he could remove the difficulties in the way of disarmament by an interview with the Kaiser, but whether the meeting took place we do not know. Certainly it was not successful if it did. Mr. Carnegie is seventy-eight this year, but remarkably well preserved for his age and full of energy and self-confidence.



Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

## Thinks We Are Right.

Although he makes his home chiefly at Skibo Castle, Sutherlandshire, he is still an American citizen. He has been a staunch Republican from his youth up. Despite his strong peace convictions, he thinks this war is a just one, so far as the Allies are concerned.

## Hill No. 99.

I wonder how many of my readers have noticed during the last few days that official messages from Paris mention how we fought for hill No. 99 or won hill No. 111. A friend, quite famous as a cartographer, has explained to me the mystery of the numbers. "Were it not for army needs," he said, "we should not have half the good maps we now enjoy. For the purposes of army headquarters elaborate maps are prepared."

## Scientific War.

"On these maps every hillock and every rivulet is numbered and indexed just as a business house would index the names of its customers. When a movement of any kind takes place—no matter how trivial it may seem—it is duly recorded and charted. War is now so scientific that you might almost say that every blade of grass is duly counted."

## Paris Itself Again.

Paris seems to be really out of the war radius at last. I see the Hotel Ritz is now advertising in the London papers for English guests.

## David Kirkcaldy.

The week-end's casualty list confirmed what I had feared for a long while. Among the list of killed of the Argyll and Sutherlands is the name Kirkcaldy, D., 2237. Unless there be two men of the same name in that gallant regiment, No. 2237 was David Kirkcaldy, the golfer, nephew of famous Andrew, of St. Andrews, and one of the best fellows that this war has yet claimed.

## When the War Came.

Every golfer knows the fame of the Kirkcaldy family. Every old golfer can tell you stories about them, but the little story I am going to tell here I think redounds to the credit of the name more than any other. David Kirkcaldy was the professional at the Harleford Golf Club, near Boulogne, when the war broke out. Visitors fled helter-skelter from that pleasant spot in the first days of August, green attendants were called up to the colours and the Scot was left almost alone.

## He Wouldn't Accept.

It meant to him the loss of the best part of his summer's income, for August was the month in Harleford, and Kirkcaldy "did very well" out of teaching rich French holiday-makers to play the royal and ancient game. And at that time he received a good offer from an American to go across to the States and carry on his old profession. But David Kirkcaldy was more than a golfer. He gave the offer just one moment's consideration—and rejected it.

## "It Will Keep."

To a relative of mine he summed up his reasons briefly: "Golf's a guid on' game," he said, "but it will keep." And off he went to Boulogne to await the coming of the pipes. And there is not much more to be said. He worried the Argylls until they took him, and a few weeks ago I heard that he had been killed in action. The week-end's casualty list supplies the official confirmation.

## The Puzzle Mania.

I suppose it is the lack of light or the early closing of restaurants and clubs, or perhaps just the aftermath of Christmas, but I find all over the place a revival of the puzzle-mania of a couple of years ago. Not only do jig-saws seem to be rebooming, but all the old classic brain worriers seem to have been revived for the delectation and time-wasting of apparently sane men.

## Time Wasters.

One keen business man I saw yesterday refused to talk business with me until he had produced a tricky cannon puzzle from his pocket and bet me 10 to 1 in pence I could not solve it in ten minutes. He said it took him two hours and a quarter to discover, and he added gleefully, none of his friends could do it. At the end of last week I saw another usually well-balanced man poring over a draught-board puzzle, which he said had repulsed him for days. He added he had some most difficult puzzles at home—would I like to see them?

## Margery's Awful Prayer.

My little friend Margery, aged six, who lives at Hampstead and loves the "soldier-men," finds great difficulty in evading nurse, who will censor childish prayers. But the other night Margery scored. "Bless all our sailors and our soldiers in the trenches," she repeated dutifully, and then added hurriedly on her own, "and keep them safe there for ever and ever. Amen."

## Neuralgia of the Nose.

I am so frequently a victim of influenza in all its vile forms that I am always alarmed when I hear that a new variety has been discovered. Quite the latest and most virulent manifestation is a sort of "neuralgia of the nose." It begins in the conventional cold-influenza style. You feel weak and miserable; your eyes are watery and you begin to take quinine. Then comes a violent longing to blow one's nose. This is hard to resist, but if persisted in delicate nerves between the nose and eye get out of order and very violent neuralgia is the result. Remedy—stay in bed until you are well.

## The Hun and the Rabbi.

The gentle art of annoying the clergy is quite the popular thing with the Huns in Belgium, but M. Armand Bloch, the Chief Rabbi of Belgium, has proved just a bit too tough for them. For some time the German Governor has been angry with the Rabbi—whose brother was one of the first Belgians to be killed—because he insists every Saturday on having prayers said for King Albert and for the prosperity of Belgium. So far they have not been able to arrest him, but every opportunity is taken of annoying him.

## Would Not Give Way.

Last week a German officer called on the Rabbi and said that the Huns wanted the principal synagogue in Brussels for the Saturday service at 8 a.m. sharp. "Impossible," said the Rabbi. "I shall be then conducting the Sabbath service, but you can have the minor chapel." The German officer was mad with rage at what he called the "insult." Eventually the Rabbi said that the Germans could use the synagogue at eleven o'clock, by which time he would be finished. At that time a dozen German Jewish soldiers and a chaplain came to the synagogue and offered up prayers for the success of Germany. But, of course, all Brussels knew that the Germans had to give way to the Belgian Rabbi.

## In Imagination.

They have splendid imaginations, those French soldiers. A battery of artillery working those fine "seventy-fives" with which the French are harassing the Boches celebrated the fête of Sainte Barbe, the patron saint of gunners with this menu the other day:—

Hors-d'œuvres allié.  
Sardines d'Héligoland.  
Saucisson de la Wartha.  
Beurre franco-ruisse.  
Entrées belinoises.  
Dindonneaux de Beyrouth.  
Paire à la Guillaume.  
Rôt de Turin.  
Vrai filet autrichien.  
Salade von Klück.  
Entre Meiz Sainte-Barbe.  
Fromage museau de Boche.  
Poires Kronprinz.  
Pommes Four-de-Paris.  
Vins dans Hauts-de-Meuse.  
Bière des Charbonnages.  
Champagne de la Victoire.

I say they celebrated with the menu. The dinner, I am afraid, was not quite so elaborate. It consisted of whatever the French equivalent for "bully beef" may be. But the menu was circulated through the gunners' lines and pronounced excellent.

## Kings and Queens.

This is almost a week of emptiness, so far as the theatre is concerned. But we shall finish up with a "first night" at St. James's Theatre when Sir George Alexander produces Mr. Rudolf Besier's new play, "Kings and Queens." It sounds like a card trick, doesn't it, but it's not.



Miss Marie Lohr.

## Miss Lohr in the Cast.

Sir George has got a very strong cast together, including Miss Frances Ivor and Miss Marie Lohr. I wonder what sort of dresses Miss Lohr will wear! At any rate, I hope there will not be the same fuss about this as there was about one she wore in "The Grand Seigneur" at the Savoy. Somebody or other objected to this, but it was really a most charming gown.

## Frills and Flounces.

I met a woman in Bond-street the other day just back from Paris. She is supposed to know everything about clothes, and amongst her alarming prophecies is the speedy return of full skirts for women with plenty of petticoats. Asked why, she darkly hinted that costumiers were plotting to reimburse themselves for a slack six months last year.

## 900 Footballs Received.

Thank you. The ninth hundred is complete. At four o'clock yesterday afternoon we had 899 footballs, seventeen new ones having arrived. It seemed a pity not to have round figures, and I was hoping that at least one more would come along, when there arrived a boy scout representing those scouts on duty at the War Office. He brought with him the ball which completed the ninth hundred, and which was subscribed for by himself and his brother scouts.

## 886 Distributed.

The day was a good one, despite a counter attack of fifty-two applications from the trenches and the camps. Once again we had to call upon our reserves, but we repulsed every applicant by return of post again, and when the day's total of balls sent out was made up I found that 886 had been distributed. The remaining fourteen will go out to-day.

## More Help from the Theatres.

Among those who contributed yesterday was Mr. George Mozart, the music-hall favourite. His small son wrote me, enclosing a cheque for £1 from father. I also received a ball from the "Mary Latimer—Nun" touring company. Applications came from troops in all parts of the country, as well as from the front, and among the letters of acknowledgment two, particularly, were interesting.

## "Let 'em All Come."

One came from the gunner whose letter I quoted a few days ago, in which he challenged any team in England to a match if it would go out to the front. He asks me again to notify one of the big football clubs to come out and play him and his friends on their "own ground" and to bring their 50,000 supporters with them. "To ensure that none shall get lost they had better all dress alike," he adds, "say in khaki."

## The Wounded Cheered.

Another letter comes from a hospital in Shropshire, from which a wounded "Gloucester" writes: "We received your football yesterday and we were greatly surprised to get it so soon. You ought to have been here to see the faces of those able to get up light up with smiles. A roar of cheering burst forth, even those bedridden joining in." Now then for the next hundred. Let's make a record of it. Only another hundred to make the thousand.

## Who Can Hope to Escape?

I am beginning to understand why no German unprotected by the safety of gaol or asylum can hope to escape the shower of Iron Crosses. There is, it appears, an Iron Cross even for non-combatants, and the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Railways and the President of the Imperial Bank have just received this "take-it-or-leave-it" decoration. In their case, according to a Berlin paper, the Cross is worn on a white ribbon with a black border, while the Hun proper wears his on a black ribbon with a white border.

THE RAMBLER.

## LATEST METHODS IN DENTISTRY AT LOWEST FEES.



Bridge-Work, an assemblage of Gold and Porcelain Crowns.

If you do not like the old-fashioned system of Artificial Teeth with numerous plates the above illustration should interest you. It shows how almost an entire set of teeth can be permanently fixed in the mouth, without any covering of the palate, by the improved system of Bridge Work as practised at GOODMAN'S, LTD., one of the largest Dental Organisations in the World and the originators of Economical Dentistry. SETS OF TEETH FROM ONE GUINEA. FIVE YEARS' WARRANTY. Painless Treatment Throughout. Every Branch of Dentistry at lowest possible prices for RELIABLE work. CONSULTATIONS FREE. Repairs in a few hours. Rapid work for country patients. Specially reduced fees to persons of limited means.

## WARNING.

In so serious a matter as the treatment of the teeth the reputation and experience of those undertaking such work are of the highest importance. The System of economical dentistry which revolutionised the cost of artificial teeth was originated by Messrs. Goodman over thirty years ago. They have had many would-be imitators. But the successful practice they have so long maintained affords an assurance of reliable work which stands unique.

## NOTE WHAT THE PRESS SAYS ABOUT GOODMAN'S DENTISTRY.

"One of the largest practices in the World. Can do everything science and experience suggest to satisfy every customer."—*Truth*.

"Artificial teeth, formerly the luxury of the rich, are now within reach of the poorest. The prime mover in this dental revolution is Goodman, of Ludgate Hill."—*Evening News*.

"Their prices are certainly extremely reasonable. As to their skill they quote convincing testimonials."—*John Bull*.

MR. BRANSEY WILLIAMS, the eminent actor, writes: "Pleased to testify to what in my case has proved wonderful work and fabulously cheap."

Illustrated pamphlet, "Economical Dentistry," post free on application to Secretary.

GOODMAN'S, LTD., 2, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. (facing St. Paul's). Hours, 10 to 7.30. Saturday, 10 to 4. Also at 10, Castle-square, Brighton, and 17, Ranelagh-street, Liverpool; also at Windsor, Kingston, Aldershot, Edinburgh, Glasgow, etc.



This drawing is entirely true to life.

Price 10/- Post free.

### The O.W. Leather Cuirass

This CUIRASS is soft and pliable as a glove and warm as fur, but CANNOT unlike EVERY description of hair, fur, or raw wool, breed vermin! It weighs only a few ounces, and permits (when desired) a free circulation of air. It is practically waterproof, and ABSOLUTELY wind proof. Both sides may be completely closed to entirely envelop and fully protect ALL the vital organs, and then it neither impedes movement nor causes discomfort.

The size can be adjusted to ANY figure from 34in. to 43in. waist. It is the ideal gift for YOUR soldier or sailor boy. Special prices for quantities and delivery guaranteed.

**A.G. SPALDING & BROS.,**  
317, High Holborn, W.C.,  
And all branches throughout the world.



## HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

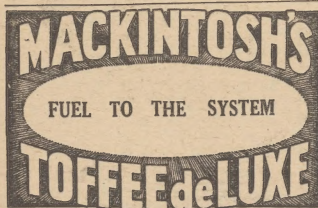
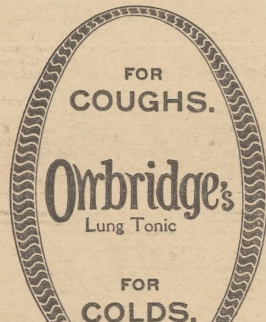
A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. Blosser, Ltd., (Dept. 5 B), 8, Bouvrie-street, London, E.C., who will send you by return post enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all they claim for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. They will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write them immediately. On sale at Boots' Cash Chemists, and other chemists' shops.—(Advt.)



**SITUATIONS VACANT.**  
A.—Can you sketch? If so, you can make money by 12—Stamp for booklet, T. Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq., W.C.  
**ENGINEERING** Pupil—Vacancy in works and offices (on Government and other work), for Freshman Pupil, under 18, to fill place of ex-Repton and Dulwich boys, who have joined H.M. Forces.—Write 1,517, "Daily Mirror," 23-25, Boulevard-st., Fleet-st., E.C.

**MARKETING BY POST.**  
PHEASANTS! Pheasants!! Pheasants!!! 5s. 9d. brace; 4 partridges, 4s.; 3 hazel hen, 3s. 6d.; 2 wild duck, 4s. 3d.; 3 teal, 3s.; 3 chickens, 5s.; 1 larger size, 5s. 6d.; hare and pheasant, 5s. 6d.; hare and 3 Norfolk partridges, 5s. 9d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Frost's Stores, Ltd., 275 and 281, Edwars-st., London, W.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**  
LADY Reid's Teth Society Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at hospital prices, weekly if desired.—Call or write, Sec. 224, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 8589.

## LADY MARJORIE FEILDING ENGAGED.



Lady Marjorie Feilding, whose engagement to Captain Dudley Hanly (Inniskilling Fusiliers) is announced. The bride-elect is a daughter of Lord and Lady Denbigh, and her sister Dorothy, who is a nurse at the front, has had several exciting adventures.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

## GIRLS' BEGGING TASK.

Magistrate's Warning That Money Collected in Streets Goes to Swindlers.

"You are putting into the pocket of swindlers money begged from the public," said Mr. Hopkins at Bow-street yesterday, when Annie Birt, aged nineteen, was charged on remand with causing an obstruction in the Strand.

At the previous hearing it was stated that the defendant was obstructing passengers by pushing a collecting box and some pamphlets in front of them. Her sister told the magistrate that they were both employed to sell pamphlets and collect money by the "National Patriotic Society, of 89, Farringdon-street," who paid them a bonus of 6s. or 7s. a week. The magistrate adjourned the case in order that the manager of the society might attend.

Mr. Muskett said a police officer had tried to ascertain who was responsible for sending the girls out to make collections. The man he saw declined to give his name.

Addressing the defendant, the magistrate said:—

You and your father take up the line that you were arrested for collecting war funds. You are arrested for nothing of the sort. You are arrested because the streets are full of girls employed by people who put the funds you collect into their own pockets. They employ you on their begging mission, and that is the reason you are here. I should be glad if I thought this case would, at all events, have taught you, and girls like you, that when you are sent upon a mission of this sort you are not rendering the country any assistance, the soldiers any assistance or the funds any assistance.

"Having said that much, I have nothing more to say. You may go," concluded the magistrate.

## LONDON DOCKS IN WAR TIME.

There has been no chaos at the London Docks since the outbreak of war. The congestion has been severe and somewhat prolonged, but the position is growing better every day.

Such in brief was the statement made yesterday by Mr. J. G. Broadbank, the chairman of the Dock and Warehouse Committee of the Port of London Authority.

Mr. Broadbank had been asked for an official opinion on the statement that merchants, manufacturers and shippers were becoming alarmed at the "chaos" at the London Docks.

"We have had to put the requirements of the military and naval authorities before the claims of shippers and merchants," he explained.

"We have to-day 6,000 men employed at the docks, compared with 4,000 at the same time last year—and this in spite of the fact that large numbers of men have joined the colours."

## WINTER AND THE COMPLEXION.

Winter winds dry the skin and rob it of all the means of natural nourishment. There is only one way to combat the evil, that is, to use Pomeroy Skin Food. This preparation supplies the skin with the much-needed nourishment, and the quick recovery to youthful freshness and charm is really remarkable. The chemist supplies quite a large jar of Pomeroy Skin Food for eightpence. Pomeroy Skin Food, by the way, is the preparation chiefly used in the famous West End Beauty Salons of Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.—Salons patronised by leading Society ladies and others well known for their beauty.—(Advt.)

## MAKING 'ROUGH RIDERS.'

Army Service Corps Recruits Who Learn To Be Splendid Horsemen.

"VERY QUICK TO LEARN."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ALDERSHOT, Jan. 11.—The Army Service Corps has done splendid work in transporting troops, ammunition and food to the trenches.

But the shocking state of the roads and the almost incessant roar of cannon cause horses to become practically unmanageable at awkward moments.

It has, therefore, become necessary for all cavalrymen of the A.S.C. to become expert horsemen, and to secure that result a specially selected number of men are being trained as "rough riders."

These men, after completing their course of training, become instructors to the horsemen in the corps.

The exigencies of the war require that these prospective instructors shall be taught in the shortest possible space of time, and six weeks is the limit within which these men must "pass out."

Short as this time limit is it does not worry Lieutenant Apperley, the riding master, or Sergeant-Major Warner, who assists his superior officer.

For although they have frequently to deal with men who have never been astride a horse, they prove such excellent tutors that their pupils are often efficient in three weeks.

"We should never get these lads through in time but for their splendid enthusiasm and devotion to duty," said the Sergeant-Major.

"We start at six o'clock in the morning and finish twelve hours later, with only half an hour's break for all meals. Yet nobody grumbles."

"I have been instructor of horsemen for many years, but I have never known rough riding to be learned so quickly."

"Give me a few weeks more and I could turn these men into high-salaried circus performers."

"Meanwhile the men do a variety of gymnastic 'stunts' on horseback in the course of training."

"The old country has got the right material, but we could do with very much more of it."

P. J. W.

## THREE BOYS KILLED BY AVALANCHE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 11.—A telegram from Berlin states that while two masters and twenty-two pupils of a scholastic institution at Schiers were on a ski excursion near Davos, Switzerland, twelve of the party, who were separated from the rest, were overwhelmed by an avalanche and buried.

All except one were rescued alive, but two others died shortly afterwards.—Central News.

St. Moritz, Jan. 10.—The body of Mlle. Affolter, of Zurich, the victim of a ski accident in the Bevers Valley, was recovered to-day.—Reuter.



## Are You a Skin Sufferer?

Here's a splendid opportunity for every skin sufferer to prove the value of Antexema. We are offering a Free Trial, confident that the first touch of this unique British Skin remedy will be more convincing than any other argument. The Free Trial starts your cure. It stops all irritation, pain and inflammation. Continue with Antexema and in a short time your eczema, bad leg, face spots, scalp trouble, or ugly rash will be cured. You may have been tortured, disfigured, and humiliated for years, but Antexema will surely conquer your enemy.

Apply Antexema the moment your skin becomes cracked, red, or rough, or an eruption appears, and you will save yourself untold future misery. Every sufferer from eczema, pimples, a rash, a bad leg, bad hands, or any other skin ailment should immediately send for Free Trial and use it. That is the first step towards complete cure.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., or direct post free 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

## Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Please send handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
"Daily Mirror," 121-15.

## For Aches, Pains & Sprains

Have you a sprain, swollen joint, or ache or pain? If so, apply Chameleon Oil and away goes the pain. It is marvellous stuff. No hard rubbing necessary—gently does it. Should be in every home, and every footballer, athlete and runner should keep a bottle handy. Hardly a day it is not needed. Of all chemists and stores, 1/3 and 2/3. The Chameleon Oil Co., Jeffrey's Place, London, N.W.

All horse, dog, and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2/- and 4/3), which locates and cures lameness and disease.

**Get Chameleon Oil**





# The New Flavour H.P. Sauce

is such a welcome change to the old-fashioned kind of Sauces.

A little of this delightful British Sauce should be on your table now.

H.P. Sauce is a real war time economy, it gives a delicious flavour to everything, helps to use up anything and wastes nothing.

Large Bottles 6d.

## GREAT FUR SALE

Stock must be Cleared.

Wonderful bargains in genuine and reliable FURS. Every article guaranteed. Hundreds of beautiful Stoles and Muffs in Wolf, Fox, Skunk, Bear, Russian Fitch, Marten, Squirrel, etc., etc., from 2 gns. Set.

Best possible value for money. Call and see them. Wholesale Stocks to select from.

A Postcard will bring 1000 IN SALE CATALOGUE.

Elegant Model Coats in Fur, Seal, Camel, Mink, etc., etc., from 63/-.

LARGE SELECTIONS OF FURS. Write for Free Catalogue.

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.

145, CHEAPSIDE, CITY (1st Floor). 2, Leeds Lane, LEEDS & 10, St. Ann's Sq., MANCHESTER.

## ENLARGEMENTS FOR SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS LIFE 1/3 SIZE for only 1/3 Post Paid with FREE COLOURED MINIATURE

Send us your photo with P.O. for 1/3, and in 14 days we will forward you one of our famous Monochrome Enlargements, 20 x 16, unmounted, and a lovely hand-coloured MINIATURE. Your Soldier and Sailor friends will appreciate a dainty miniature portrait as a keepsake.



We guarantee satisfaction or money returned. No extra charge for groups or single figures from groups. Better the original photo the more life-like the enlargement. You must write your name and address clearly on every photo before posting, to avoid loss and delay, and enclose 1d. stamp extra for the prompt return of your photo unpaired. THE MONOCHROME PHOTOGRAPHIC CO. 35H, SEW ELL, Epsom Viaduct, London, E.C.

## EXAMPLE OF THE HUNS' CHILDISH SPITE.



Chateau at Crevin (France) belonging to General Lyautey, the Governor-General of Morocco, after it had been shelled by the Germans. Like M. Poincaré's residence at Sampigny, it was specially singled out by the Huns, owing to the prominent position held by the owner.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### Prince Albert's Studies.

Prince Albert continues his studies at the Admiralty, going there every morning and returning after lunching at the Palace.

### From Football Field to Trench.

Enthusiastic cheers greeted 250 well-known footballers in London yesterday on their march from Keeley street, Kingsway, to their headquarters at the White City.

### German Liners' Canal Route.

An Exchange special message from Copenhagen says the Hamburg-America Line are organising a regular service from Hamburg and Bremen via the Kiel Canal to Copenhagen.

### Girl Who Fought the Germans.

Among a number of Russian wounded soldiers who arrived at Kieff on Sunday, says a Central News Petrograd message, was a young girl, disguised in military uniform, who had been wounded in action.

### News of Soldier-Husband Wanted.

Mrs. Gladstone, of 9, Livingstone street, Great Horton, Bradford, would like to hear of her husband, Private Harvey Gladstone, No. 6975, D Company, 2nd Yorks Regiment. All her letters have been returned since October 5.

### The Light and the Rabbits.

At Deal yesterday Edward Williams, a photographer, was charged with unlawfully displaying a light which might be used as a signal, but defendant explained that he had merely used a bicycle lamp as he fed rabbits, and he was discharged.

### Actress Divorces Husband.

A decree nisi was granted in the Divorce Court yesterday to Mrs. A. M. C. Folkard, an actress and writer, on the ground of the desertion and misconduct of her husband, Mr. W. S. Folkard, an actor, who went to America in "Fanny's First Play."

## ENGLISH CUP DRAW.

The draw for the second round of the English Cup is as follows:—  
West Ham or Newcastle v. Swansea, Sheffield Wed. v. Wolves, Fulham v. Southampton, Brighton v. Birmingham or Palace, Everton v. Bristol City, Bradford City v. Middlesbrough, Preston or Manchester City v. Aston Villa, Oldham v. Rochdale, Hull v. Northampton, Bolton v. Millwall, Sheffield United v. Liverpool, Bury or Plymouth v. Bradford, Burnley v. Bristol Rovers or Southend, Seintour or Chelsea v. Arsenal, Norwich v. Halesowen, Queen's Park Rangers v. Leeds.

## HOW FRENCH LADIES REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

An international authority whose advice on health and beauty is frequently printed in the leading publications of nearly every country says that while the majority of French ladies are subject to superfluous hair, their affliction is rarely evident, because just as soon as the objectionable growth appears they destroy it at once by applying a simple paste made by mixing a few drops of water with a little sulphine depilatory. Apply with a knife blade. Leave it on for about two minutes, then remove the paste with the back of the knife, when you will find the hair has entirely disappeared. If your chemist hasn't sulphine depilatory, which is essentially a French product, in stock, he can quickly prepare it for you by mixing 44 drams sulphine concentrate with 2½ drams zinc oxide and 1 dram powdered orris root. The almost total absence of superfluous hair from ladies' faces throughout France and Russia is attributed to the occasional use of this inexpensive and harmless sulphine depilatory as prepared from the above formula.—(Adv.)

## BIRMINGHAM RACES.

Few runners and moderate sport marked the opening stage of the Birmingham meeting yesterday. In five of the six races the favourite started at odds on and two of them were beaten. For the concluding day of the meeting selections are as follows:—

1. 0.—Ward End Steeplechase—ROYAL BIRTHDAY.
- 1.30.—Smethwick Steeplechase—EBONETTE.
- 0.—Moseley Hurdle—GNU.
- 2.30.—Highfield Steeplechase—STRANGWAYS.
3. 0.—Long Distance Hurdle—FLURRY.
- 3.30.—Maiden Hurdle—ELGON.

### DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

\*EBONETTE and FLURRY. BOUVERIE.

### YESTERDAY'S RETURNS.

- 1.0.—Stethford Hurdle. 2m.—Rough and Ready (2-1, Mr. Gasbourne), 1; Cooden (9-2), 2; Step Dancer (7-1), 3. Six ran.
- 1.30.—Stayers' Chase. 3m.—Distaff (6-4, Mr. J. Anthony), 1; Bloodstone (4-6), 2; Sweet Rathangan (33-1), 3. Four ran.
- 2.0.—Birmingham Chase. 2m.—Finchale (6-4, T. Goswell), 1; Conte d'Hoffman (8-1), 2. Three ran.
- 2.30.—Stathair Hurdle. 2.—Eager Simon (4-5, Mr. Brabazon), 1; Tiddley (100-8), 2; Topsy's Baby (100-8), 3. Seven ran.
- 3.0.—Packington Maiden Chase. 2m.—Posthym (3-1, T. Goswell), 1; Primrose Path (6-1), 2; Tophole (evens), 3. Four ran.
- 3.30.—Maiden Hurdle. 2m.—Elgon (1-3, G. Duller), 1; Bobrikoff (5-1), 2; Marston (100-8), 3. Five ran.

## ROBERTS BEATS DANIELS.

Giving a capital display at the Ring last night, Dal Roberts out-generalised Jack Daniels, and knocked his opponent out in the tenth round.

Roberts is a much better man at the welterweight limit than as a lightweight. He plays light as a rule, but there is a lot of power in his punches, and he uses both hands as cleverly as a boxer.

The Ring will not, after all, be put up for auction, as has been advertised. Yesterday the sole proprietorship of this building was secured on behalf of Mr. Dick Budge by private treaty. Mr. John McCarthy, the former partner, has been bought out by Mr. Dick Budge. Mr. Budge will have the good wishes of all sportsmen in his venture.

### BOXING AT SHORNCLIFFE.

Boxing has fairly caught on with the new Army, and competitions and entertainments are being given in many of the big camps. At Shorncliffe Sergeant T. Harris, of the 5th Service Battalion Essex Regiment, the old Army and Navy champion, arranged a most successful display.

A boxed three exhibition rounds himself with Sergeant A. Case, old welterweight champion of Malia, and both men delighted the crowd with the splendid display they gave.

In a six rounds contest Lance-Corporal Garnett just beat Sergeant Coulman, and other winners in a long programme were Private Matthews, Private Hilary, Sergeant Berry, Private Sparks, Corporal Southgate, Private Bryan, Private Stone and Private Sibley.

## BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS WITHOUT ROUGE.

Ladies who dislike rouge and "make-up"—and what lady of refinement does not—often ask what they can do to restore the natural velvety bloom of childhood to faded, sorrow, wrinkled cheeks. All such ladies, as well as those who now have good complexions and wish to preserve them, can realise their hearts' desire by getting their chemist to prepare a lotion composed of 2oz. rose water, 1 dram tincture of Benzoin, and 2oz. flowers of oxazoin. Before using shake thoroughly, and then apply with a soft cloth or sponge. When dry brush lightly with a soft cloth or piece of chamois leather. If you wish to do this whenever you go out you will be astonished at the absolutely natural and refined improvement in your appearance. This lotion is also exceptionally beneficial in relieving and preventing chapped faces and hands as well as redness due to exposure to winter weather.

IMPORTANT.—It is interesting to note that, owing to the numerous demands for this formula, *Dr. Williams' Pink Pills* and other leading chemists have arranged to supply it at a moderate price under the name of Flozoin Lotion, put up in an attractive bottle, complete with sponge and chamois leather.—(Adv.)



## —take Hall's Wine

The need for special care in face of this trying weather could not be more graphically illustrated than by the Registrar General's report:

**'Colds on the Chest caused 268 deaths last week, as against 130 same week last year**

A dose of Hall's Wine in hot water at bed-time breaks up a cold in the most wonderful way, eases the breathing, and helps the system to recover its lost tone better than anything else.

"I got a terrible cold on my chest; nothing seemed to ease it. I am thankful to say I can now breathe much more freely, thanks to Hall's Wine." (Original on file for reference).

## Hall's Wine

### THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE

**Guarantee:** Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle in 14 days and we will refund outlay.

Large sale, smaller size. Wine Merchants, etc.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow.



## LIBERTY'S SALE

DURING THIS WEEK

5,000 YARDS OF

THE WORLD-FAMED

DRESS COTTONS

VOILES, MUSLINS & ZEPHYRS

IN WOVEN & PRINTED DESIGNS

FURTHER REDUCED

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# Cruiser Saved from Scrapheap Bombards Belgian Coast: Pictures

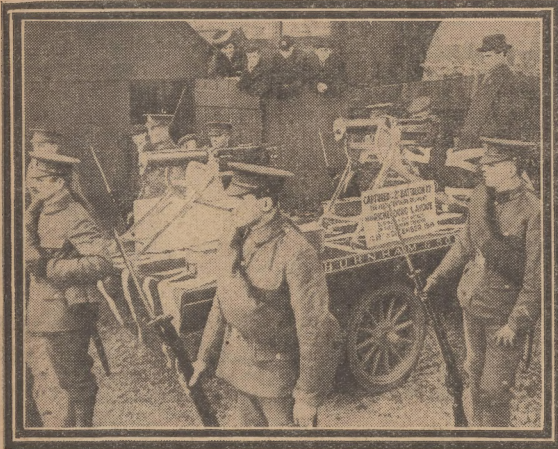
GRIMM Fairy Story Acted  
by Children at London's  
Smallest Theatre: Pictures.

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

FRENCH Decorate Dummy  
with Iron Cross and  
Exasperate Germans: Picture.

### CAPTURED GUNS CAPTURE RECRUITS.



Leicester believes in appealing to the imagination. These two guns, captured from the Germans by the Leicestershire Regiment during a night attack, were a prominent feature of a recruiting pageant in the town.

### UNEMPLOYED GIRLS TAUGHT COOKING.



Girls between fourteen and sixteen years of age, who have been thrown out of work by the war, taught cooking at Bainbridge House, off Tottenham Court-road. The Queen's Work for Women Fund, which inaugurated the scheme, allows them 4s. a week.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

### THE ALLIED BABIES BECOME ENGAGED.



Mr. Arthur Playfair and M. Morton, who are appearing at the Ambassadors Theatre, where a company of British, Belgian, French and Japanese players are presenting the revue, "Odds and Ends," became fathers within an hour of each other. M. Morton (seen in the circle with his son Leon) has proposed for Mr. Playfair's daughter Isabella on behalf of his boy. Mr. Playfair and Isabella are in the large picture.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

### ROUGHRIDERS MADE IN THREE WEEKS: NOVICES' "MAGNIFICENT PROGRESS."



Classes for roughriders have been formed at Aldershot, and though most of the men had never been astride a horse before they have become practically efficient in three weeks. The teacher describes his pupils' progress as "absolutely magnificent." The

pictures, in their order, show: Touching toes while on the march (this is how the men dodge bullets); twisting round in the saddle; riding with the face to the tail and bending backwards. This last exercise induces confidence.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)